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THE
GOVERNOR'S
GUIDE
TO



WINDSOR
CASTLE

ILLUSTRATED

BY THE MOST NOBLE
THE MARQUIS OF LORNE, K.T.

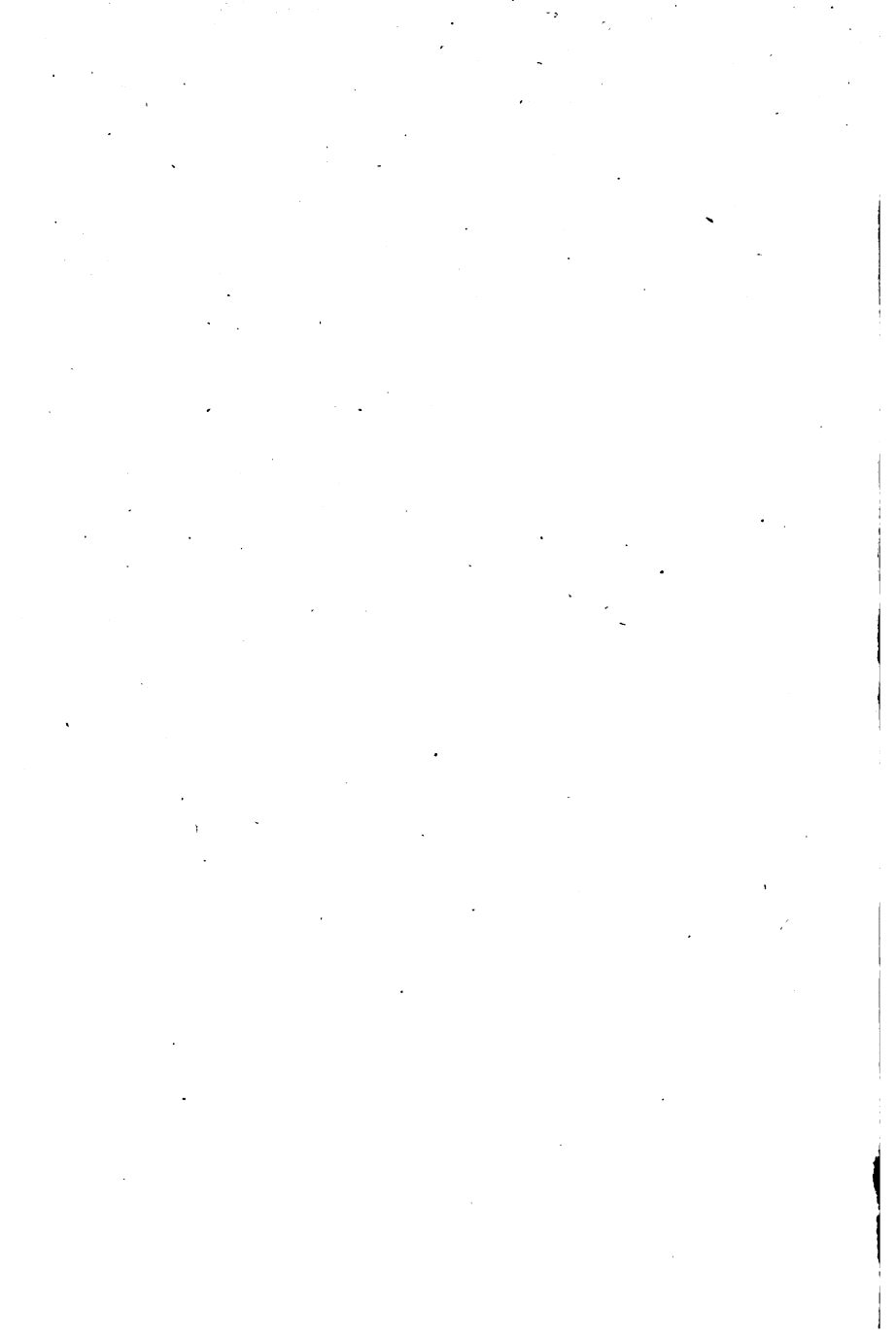
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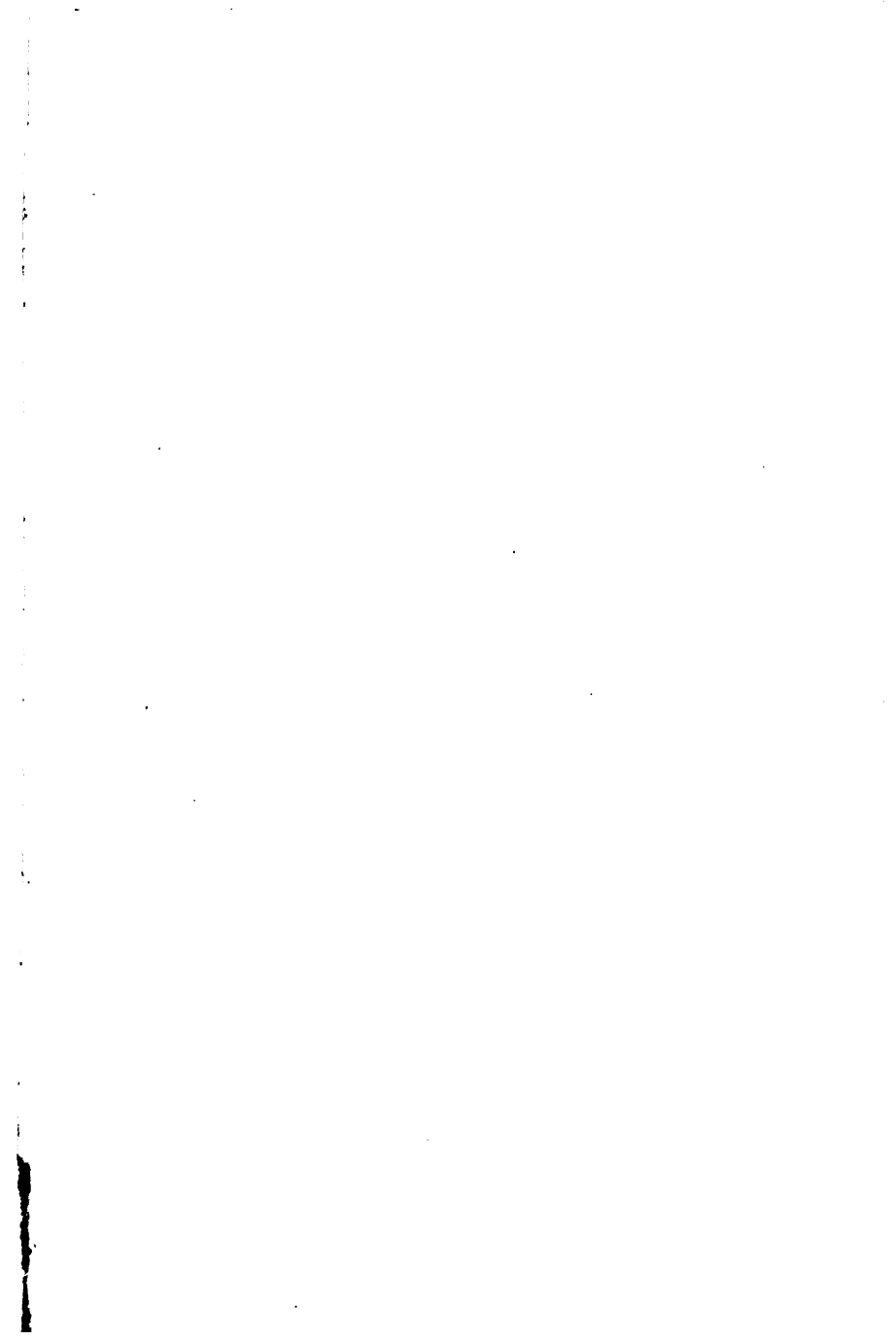
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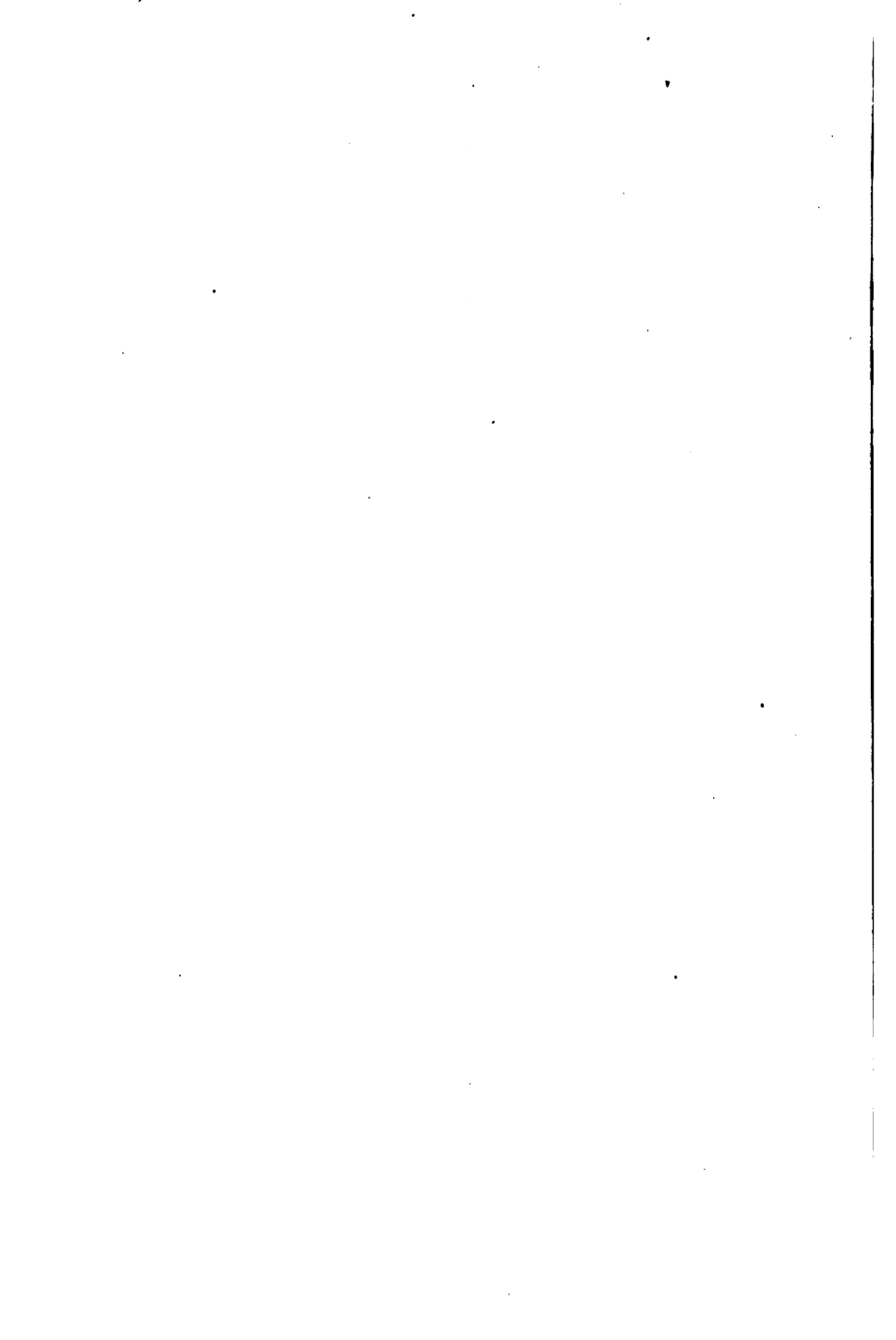
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Worcester, Mass., November, 1904











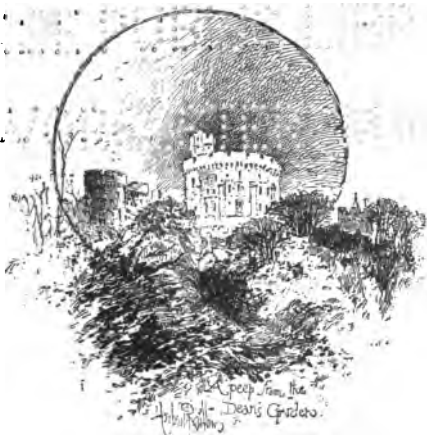


WINDSOR CASTLE FROM THE THAMES.

(From a photograph by Messrs. York & Son, Notting Hill, W.)

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GOVERNOR'S GUIDE
TO
WINDSOR CASTLE

By the Most Noble
THE MARQUIS OF LORNE, K.T.
With 62 Illustrations



CASSELL AND COMPANY, LIMITED
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1900

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CONTENTS.

	PAGE
INTRODUCTORY	11
VIEW FROM THE ROUND TOWER	13
VIEW FROM THE "WHITE HART" OR "GARTER" INN	34
THE LOWER WARD	40
HENRY VIII.'s GATEWAY	44
ST. GEORGE'S STORY	48
ST. GEORGE'S CHAPEL	57
FETTER-LOCK, OR HORSE-SHOE, CLOISTER AT THE WEST END OF ST. GEORGE'S CHAPEL	76
THE STALLS OF THE GARTER KNIGHTS	79
THE TOMB-HOUSE, OR WOLSEY CHAPEL, OR ALBERT CHAPEL	80
THE MIDDLE WARD	83
THE WINCHESTER TOWER	83
THE LIEUTENANT'S TOWER	84
THE DEVIL'S TOWER	86
THE NORMAN TOWER AND GATEWAY	94
THE NORTH TERRACE	96
KING JOHN'S TOWER	100
INTERIOR OF THE CASTLE, NORTH SIDE	102
THE WATERLOO GALLERY	106
HALL AND STAIRCASE	106
GRAND STAIRCASE, LOWER HALL, AND STATE ENTRANCE	108
CHARLES II.'s DINING-ROOM	114
THE GUARD ROOM, OR ARMOURY	118
THE QUEEN'S OLD PRESENCE CHAMBER AND OLD AUDIENCE CHAMBER	122
VANDYKE ROOM	124

	PAGE
ST. GEORGE'S HALL	126
THE PRIVATE CHAPEL	129
PASSAGE PORTRAIT CHAMBER	129
THE UPPER WARD	130
THE QUEEN'S DINING-ROOM	132
GRAND CORRIDOR	134
THE DRAWING-ROOMS	138
THE FIFTEENTH-CENTURY FURNITURE	140
THE ROUND TABLE	144
THE ORDER OF THE GARTER	147
THE ROUND TOWER	158
SECRET PASSAGES	166
WINDSOR FOREST	167
ETON	178

LIST OF ILLUSTRATIONS.

	PAGE
WINDSOR CASTLE FROM THE THAMES	<i>Frontispiece</i>
A PEEP FROM THE DEAN'S GARDEN	<i>Title-page</i>
WINDSOR CASTLE FROM THE HOME PARK	11
NORDEN'S VIEW OF WINDSOR CASTLE, 1607	15
VIEW FROM THE ROUND TOWER	19
THE CURFEW TOWER	21
PLAN OF THE CASTLE	24-25
THE LOWER WARD, LOOKING DOWN	27
PRISONERS' SIGNATURES ON THE WALLS OF THE NORMAN TOWER	31
THE CASTLE FROM THAMES STREET	37
A "BIT" OF THE OUTER WALLS	37
THE LOWER WARD, LOOKING UP	39
HENRY VIII.'S GATEWAY	45
THE OUTER CLOISTERS AND ANNE BOLEYN'S WINDOW	49
ST. GEORGE'S CHAPEL FROM THE RIVER	50
ST. GEORGE'S CHAPEL	53
" " THE CHOIR, LOOKING WEST	55
" " OLIVER KING'S CHANTRY	61
" " THE HASTINGS CHANTRY	63
" " ALMS-BOX	64
" " THE CHOIR, LOOKING EAST	67
" " THE ROYAL VAULT	69
IN THE CLOISTER	71
CHOIR STALLS AND ROYAL CLOSET, ST. GEORGE'S CHAPEL	72
THE HUNDRED STEPS	73
INNER CLOISTER, LOOKING WEST	75
FETTER-LOCK, OR HORSE-SHOE, CLOISTER	77
THE ALBERT CHAPEL	81
NORTH TERRACE AND WINCHESTER TOWER	85

	PAGE
THE ROUND TOWER FROM THE KING OF SCOTLAND'S LODGING	91
NORMAN GATE	93
QUEEN ELIZABETH'S LIBRARY	95
SKETCH FROM THE NORTH TERRACE	95
NORMAN GATE AND LIBRARY, FROM KING JOHN'S TOWER	97
KING JOHN'S TOWER	101
THE LIBRARY: QUEEN ANNE'S ROOM	103
THE LIBRARY: QUEEN ELIZABETH'S GALLERY	105
THE WATERLOO GALLERY	107
THE AUDIENCE ROOM	109
GRAND RECEPTION ROOM	111
GRAND ENTRANCE HALL TO THE CASTLE	113
ROUND TOWER AND GRAND ENTRANCE, FROM THE QUADRANGLE	115
STEEL SHIELD EMBOSSED AND INEAD IN GOLD AND SILVER BY CELLINI	117
THE GUARD ROOM, OR ARMOURY	119
THE VANDYKE ROOM	122
ST. GEORGE'S HALL	127
THE OAK DINING-ROOM	131
THE STATE DINING-ROOM	133
THE SOUTH-EAST CORRIDOR	135
THE QUEEN'S FIRST COUNCIL	137
THE WHITE DRAWING-ROOM	139
THE GREEN DRAWING-ROOM	141
THE CRIMSON DRAWING-ROOM	143
THE ROUND TOWER	157
GUN COMMANDING THE STAIRS OF THE ROUND TOWER	159
THE CASTLE FROM THE BERKSHIRE SHORE	161
WINDSOR FOREST AND CASTLE FROM BISHOPSGATE	169
REDUCED FACSIMILE OF A LETTER FROM CHARLES I. TO THE MARQUIS OF ARYLE	176
MARKET STREET, WINDSOR	177
TOWN HALL FROM THE HIGH STREET	177
ETON FROM THE CASTLE SLOPES	181
WINDSOR CASTLE FROM THE BROCAS	187



WINDSOR CASTLE FROM THE
HOME PARK.

THE
GOVERNOR'S GUIDE

TO

WINDSOR CASTLE.

INTRODUCTORY.

FTEN in the East, as in Southern Europe, and especially in Italy, you see monasteries and convents built on hill summits. These places afforded safety, isolation and quiet, so that, sundered from the world, a life of prayer and meditation could be led within them. The strongholds of feudatory lords were also raised on the peaks of hills, that from those eyries they might overawe the regions

around them. The retreats, both of the men of thought and of the men of action, remain for us more conspicuous, and less remote from memory, than the low-lying lands, where men were most busy, and the crowd seemed to itself to be the whole world. But the babble of their tongues, and the fervent interests of their day, have been hidden by the mists of oblivion.

And as in looking out from one of those high-perched Italian monasteries, you watch, as they break through the silver sea of the morning clouds, the rugged masses of the mountain pinnacles; so, in glancing back over the levels of history, the castles break out of the mists, challenging attention as the visible remnants of that land which seems lost under the shining floor of vapour. We have heard stories of the prowess of this king, and of the cruelty of that knight; of the wisdom of one reign, and of the ruin brought upon another, but history remains half hidden to the mind, until we see the very stones, the very halls which were reared by the actors in the drama, and tread the paths that heard their footsteps as they passed to their destiny.

From out the dimness of England's ancient story, Windsor and Winchester, and Camelot and Caerleon are raised aloft, lit with the light of the romance of Arthur. Warwick, Dover and Belvoir, and Alnwick and Conway and Carnarvon, the Tower of London, and again Windsor, rise from the times of the

Norman dominion. Edinburgh, Kenilworth, Penshurst, and Naworth; Carisbrooke, and again Windsor, remain in our sight to recall most forcibly the period when "our loyal passion for our temperate kings" began to make these castle-landmarks of our story scarcer in the land.

Through all the long review of points of time that challenge observation, Windsor stands the most enduring and the most majestic of the places around which gather the memories of all ages of England's greatness.

VIEW FROM THE ROUND TOWER.

In the valley of England's famous river the Normans built two strong towers, that of London and that of Windsor. This stream nursed the cradle of Norman power, and saw the renewed birth of English liberty, when the stranger-barons, whose fathers subdued England, wrung from their king the great charter of the rights of the subject.

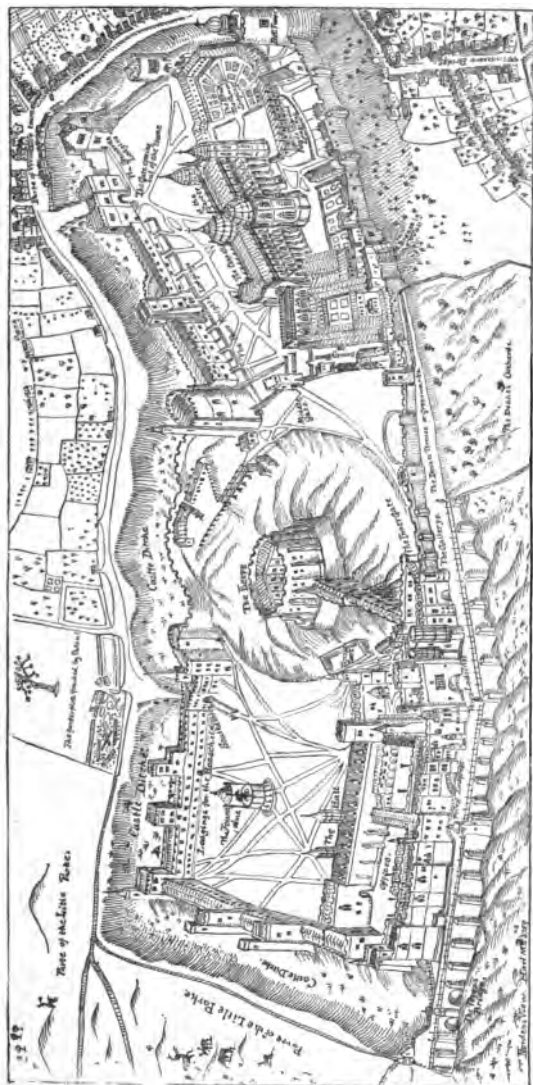
Let none miss the view from the summit of the Keep (p. 19). The stair ascending the hill on which it stands is remarkable; and if it be considered to give too easy access to an enemy, see how the ascent is commanded by the gun placed in the wall on the top landing of the broad steps (p. 159). There is plenty more stairway, as the visitor will find after this danger has been passed, and he will be breathless enough, when the highest battlements are reached,

to listen dumbly to a description of the things visible to him in the country spread at his feet: the peopled town, the nearer Castle buildings, all will yield in interest to the place lying to the north, where King John met his discontented Barons.

"We, too, are heirs of Runnymede," sang the great American, Whittier, alluding to the equal right Americans and Britons possess, to be proud of the vindication of liberty by their common ancestors, when they compelled King John to sign Magna Charta at Runnymede, a meadow the position of which can be marked from Windsor by the heights of St. Anne's Hill. Whittier's words may be repeated by all nations whose government is founded on parliamentary control. The Great Charter gave a birth to constitutional liberty.

That meadow on the Thames bank is a fair green level, cut by the stream, which is only a long stone's throw broad at the place where the famous meeting was held. Wooded hills, crowned with fine oak and beech, rise on one side. Not far off is the home of Charles Fox, who was so good a friend to the American Colonies when they asserted their rights against King George.

It is a pretty scene in summer, and by no means cheerless in winter, for the snow seldom lies long in southern England, and the fields always look green. The russet tones of the woodland are veiled in the distance with the soft blue whose peculiar tint is



NORDEN'S VIEW OF WINDSOR CASTLE, 1607.
(*Harleian MSS.*)

derived from the moisture that spreads a gentle haze over the landscape.

Few bluffs overlook the river, whose waters flow with a smooth current, encircling here and there small flat meadow isles, fringed with reeds and willows. The most prominent bluffs are at Cliveden, six miles above Windsor. We know nothing of the early life of this neighbourhood, for there are but meagre Saxon chronicles, and the British days are shrouded in mystery. Nothing is said of the successive waves of foreign invasion until the German colonists' scanty record; but now and then we light on evidence of battles and of burials in that dark time, and of late a curious "find" lets us again look on an ancient tragedy. Near the modern village of Maidenhead, a strange scene was enacted long ago, in the time of Saxon or early British dominion, before the Normans came from France.

There were other Norsemen, the ancestors of the French Normans, who came to see what booty could be got from England. An expedition led by one of their chiefs came from the North Sea up the river to London.

He may have left his galley, with its rows of shields along the bulwark, its single heavy mast and its yard overhanging the carved prow, at London, where a rich Roman colony had built a fine town, which was inhabited, after the Roman evacuation, by the Latinised Britons. He may have expected soon to

return from the excursion up the river, made with a flotilla of smaller vessels.

Anyhow, on he went with his men until, past many a village and townland in the forest clearings, he passed the Windsor Hill and voyaged onwards to the bluffs which rose more immediately over the river near Cliveden. There he fell sick and died. Then his people carried his body up the ridge and laid him down where all the country could be seen, with the broad blue stream below winding on towards Windsor.

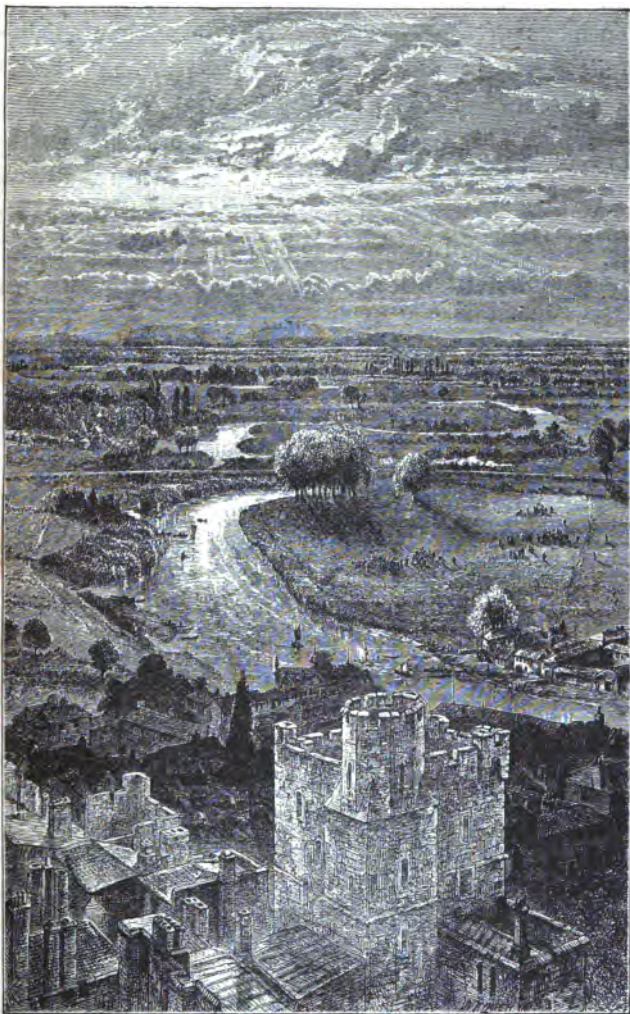
They dug deep a great grave for this chief, to us unknown. They dug until the excavation was twenty feet deep, and then they gently lowered the body wrapped in its cloak with the fringe of gold, the folds clasped on his breast with a great brooch of pure gold. Its hasps and flanges were of pure gold, and in the midst of the gleaming plates that made the ornament were six great Oriental garnets. By his side they placed his sword and delicately-wrought glass goblets, and all wherewith he would in life have desired to be furnished, were he to go on a long journey.

So they left him sleeping, and filled in the earth, raising it in a mound above the tomb. The Saxons afterwards called the spot "Taplow," or the mound on the hilltop; but they knew not who the stranger was, nor can we, save that he was great in his own Northland.

Perhaps he did not halt at Windsor on his way up the river because there was a strong garrison there, and a fort. Such a place would have been fortified at all times of history; for the heights there, though not great, are steep on the river side, and stand alone, commanding the neighbourhood. When traffic was easier by river than by any other mode, when horse- and foot-paths were the only roads, advantage would always be taken of heights that could command the passage of streams.

Toll may have been taken of passing boats by ancient "riparian owners," and any tribe able to possess a Thames cliff, could (to use an old expression) "bluff it" in the face of their adversaries. The waters flowed in olden days close under the heights. The "winding shore," from which "Windlesora" takes its name, wound in other curves, or may have left the land between the Castle hill and its present channel an island, to whose banks there were shallows and fords making its bed easy to be passed, and thus inviting the building of a stronghold that could defend the place. The Britons and Romans loved such situations for works of defence, and the Saxons, if not the people before them, raised great circular earth-mounds on such low hills to make them impregnable to assault.

In Norfolk there is a mound greater than that at Windsor. It is like the round crater and cone of a grass-covered volcano; and in the crater the



VIEW FROM THE ROUND TOWER.

Normans of the Norfolk fort, called Castle Rising, built a stone keep.

At Windsor a palisade of wood, or a chalk rampart, may have been built so as to occupy all the top of the old British earth circle and mound. There also came the French Normans in due time, and raised walls and enlarged the area that was enclosed by strengthening the mound. This time the building was to be done by hands which did not relinquish their hold, for William the Conqueror was the new possessor.

A little lower down is Old Windsor, an ancient Saxon hunting lodge and "chase," of which nothing remains to recall kingly occupation but the name. The people liked better to dwell where newer fortifications arose.

No wonder William found the hill a good place, for there is no fairer view in England. That from Richmond is not so extensive; and at Windsor he possessed, besides, a grand forest country for his sports. His men could put off their chain-mail and pointed helmets with the straight face-guards, and give chase to the red deer, which then abounded all over the country, the hunters having no metal about them except the sharp, plain Norman spur on their heels, and the iron on the tips of their arrows.

Now the distant smoke of the mightiest city in the world can be descried on the horizon. In those

days so rarely was smoke visible, that signals were transmitted by kindling fires at market-places, and the clear air knew not the fumes that make the white river-fogs dark-yellow in colour, and stifling to breathe. The chequered appearance of the nearer



THE CURFEW TOWER.

landscape, divided by hedgerow and field to the north and east, is modern ; but to the south and west the woods of oak must present much their appearance of the olden days. No engineer has altered the river, or been able even to abate its occasional winter floods, which turn the banks above Windsor into a shallow lake. The further landscape is still what

it was. It is still a wooded land. There are no sterile patches, no ugly intervals, no naked tracts of sand or earth. All is green, and better than in the early days in this—that the cheerfulness of peace is on it, and the “stately homes” are more frequent, and the villages need no rampart, but expand in security, and, it must be added, often with a system of architecture to which distance alone can lend enchantment.

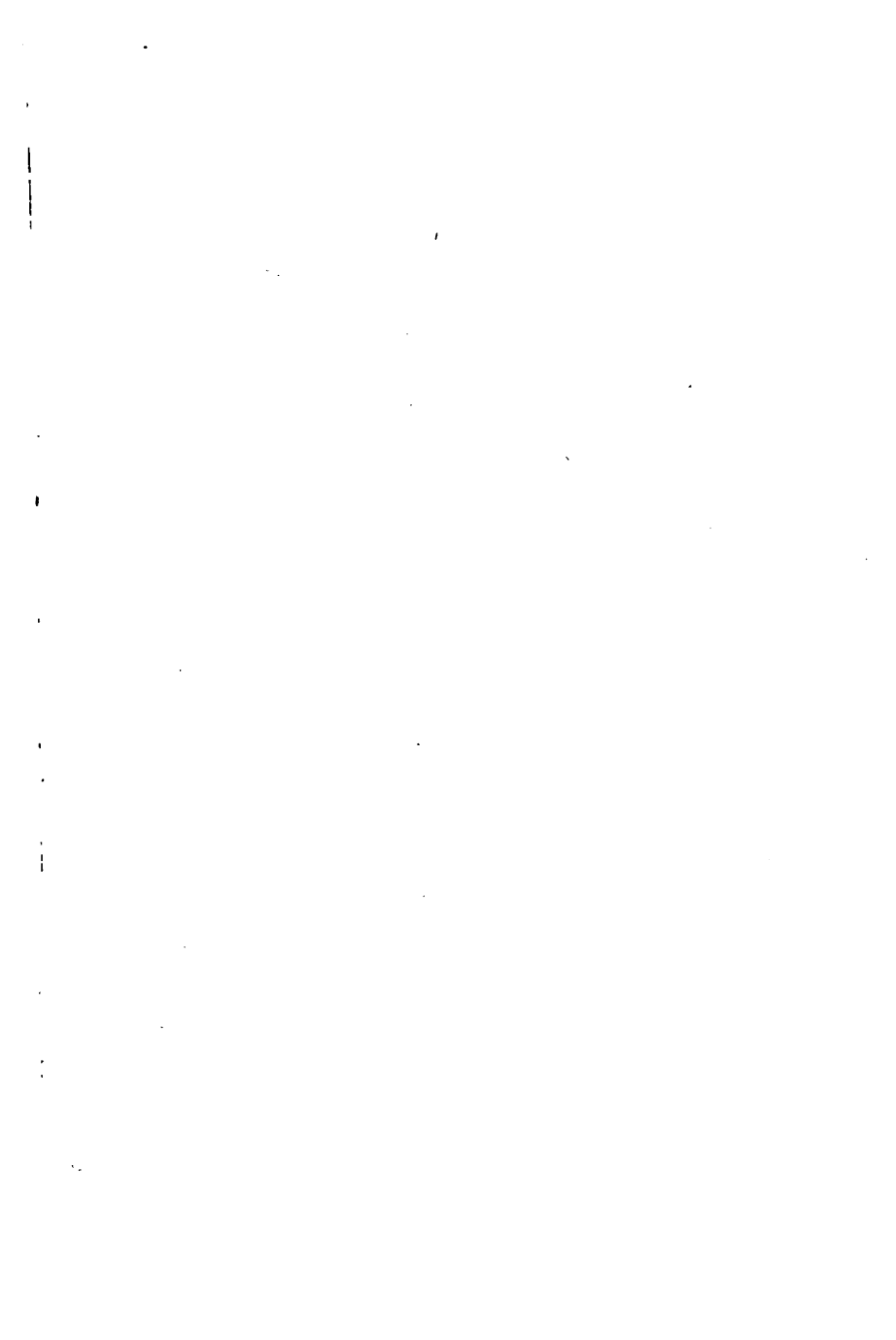
The Castle was very strong. These keeps were built so that there was no chance of a surprise. Massive gates placed in security beyond deep ditches were let into the walls, well defended by battlement and flanking towers. Drawbridges and portcullises might be forced, but there the enemy only found himself at the beginning of his work.

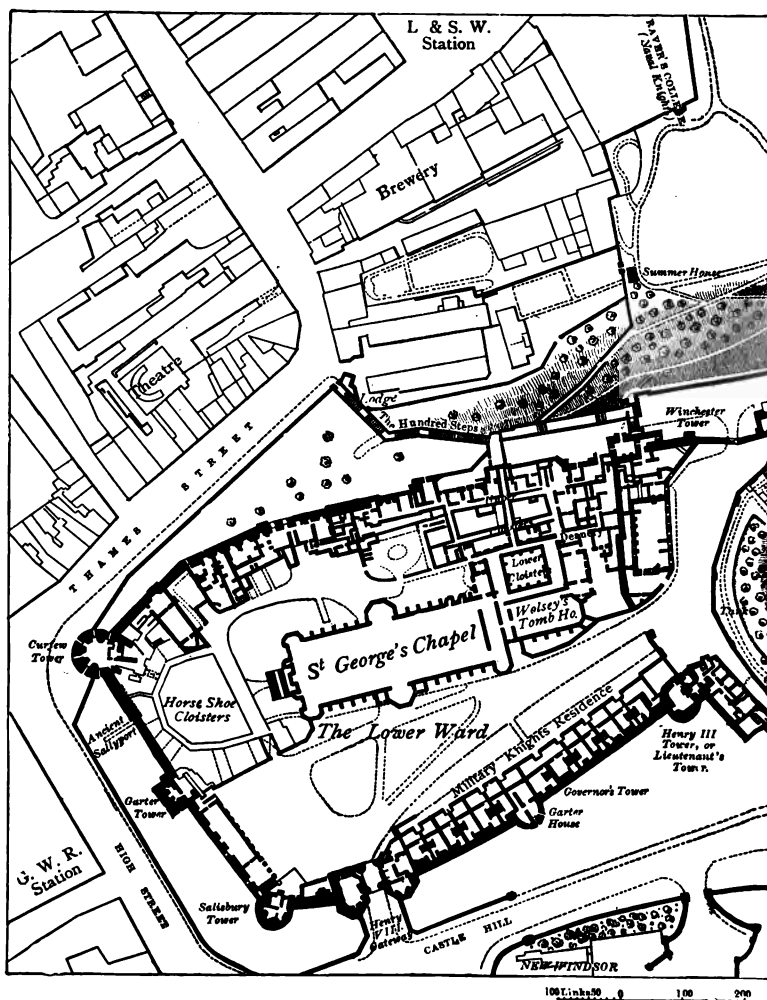
Narrow passages led to other defences, and the Keep itself was reached by a stair so narrow that one man only could enter at a time.

The walls of the lowest storey showed only tiny shot- or loop-holes. The second storey showed more of these, but so narrow that no torch could be thrown in. The third storey had windows so high in the wall that arrows or bolts shot from below could only hit the arch of the opening, to fall back harmless.

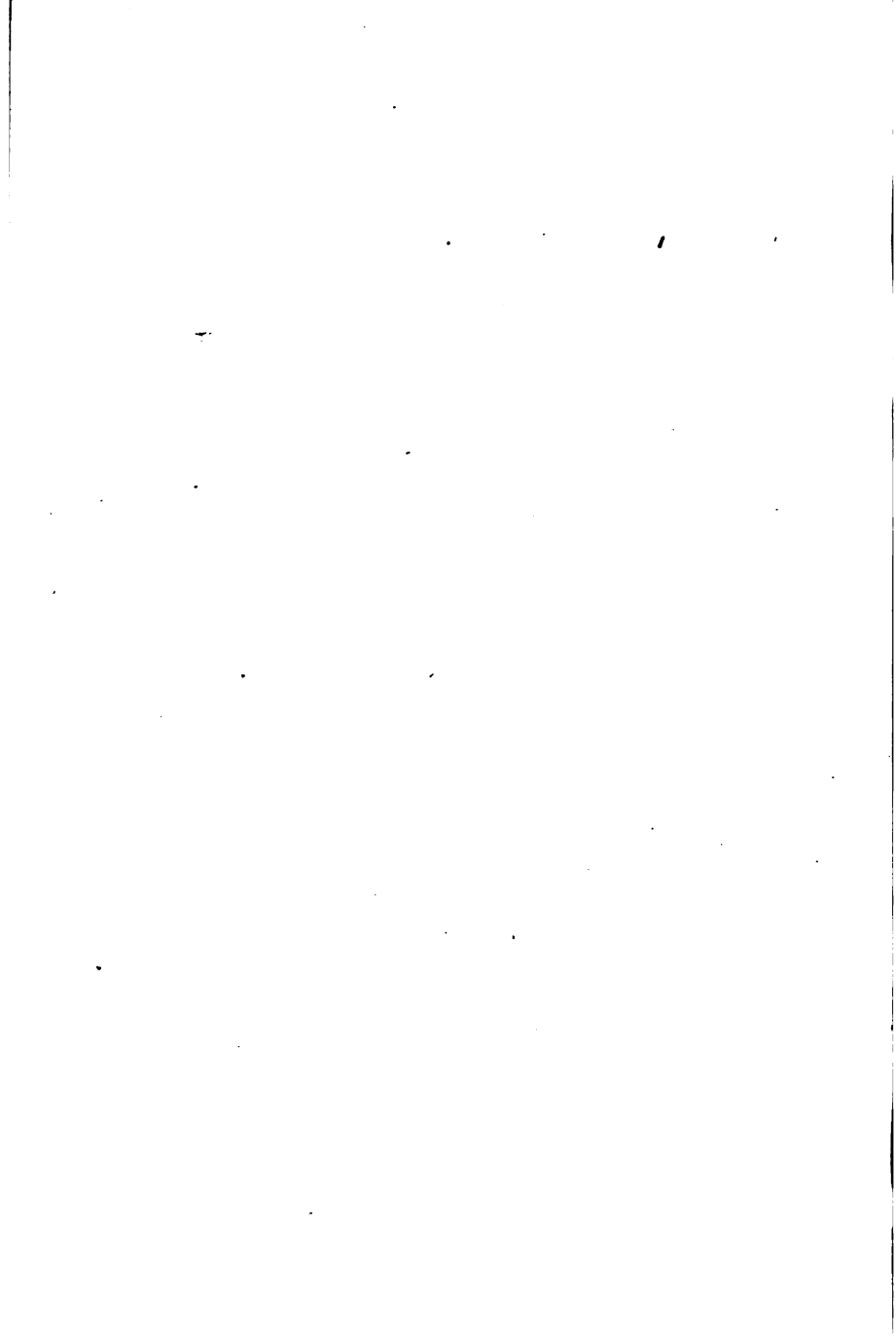
The top storeys were filled with weapons that could throw darts, stones, and heavy balls, so assailants could not easily take a Norman keep.

The Normans had taste as well as strength, and





PLAN OF :





THE LOWER WARD, LOOKING DOWN.

gradually the whole neighbourhood was made more beautiful. During reign after reign the kings showered favours on their finest possession.

Around the Keep arose a Central Ward—that is, the space outside was enclosed with towers and walls and gardens. Then lower down the ridge another king built a church, and beyond it again other great towers, as the town arose, under the Castle's shelter and protection. This part was again flanked and made strong, and called the Lower Ward. The church was dedicated first to St. Edmund and then to St. George.

But on the other side of the Keep the monarchs built themselves something in the way of lodging far better than the small rooms of the Keep, for a wide range of palace apartments existed there before even the days of the Tudors. These were extended and improved from the days of Queen Elizabeth to the days of Queen Victoria. These buildings formed the Upper Ward.

The effect of this mass of buildings, dominated by the Round Tower, is very fine, and no better example exists of the feudal fortress. Whether seen from the river, with the red-roofed houses of the town clustered below the great white walls, or from the park, where Windsor rises like an enchanted castle above the wide greensward, which is varied with the groves of ancient oak and beech, there is nothing to compare with it.

All who speak the English tongue may be equally proud of the palace strength of their great forefathers.

Chambers built over castle gateways were often used as prisons for those whose lot was not to be made too hard. For the unfortunates who were to be severely dealt with, a far more horrible prison was provided in the shape of a dungeon with a narrow orifice above, through which the victim was let down with cords into a vault having often no windows. Places like this must have soon become foul and fatal to the captives.

At Windsor there is a very fair prison above the gateway, through which you pass before entering the great stair that climbs the mound of the Keep. Although the windows are narrow they give light enough, and on the walls are the names of the men who here, in their durance vile, amused themselves by writing their name or making their mark by scratches on the stone. Sometimes they added a little tracing of their arms (p. 31).

These small rooms are among the few which remain exactly as they existed in the Middle Ages. In other apartments there has been much alteration. Most of the ceilings of Verrio are gone, the ancient tapestries have been removed, the heavy ornamentation of the times of the Georges, and almost all the still ponderous yet better decoration of Jacobean times, have disappeared.

But the towers which held celebrated prisoners of state are yet pointed out. The two most notable are just under the hill on which the great round Keep is built. One of these has been raised high, and a very narrow stair communicates with each of its little rooms. Here King John of France had many a long hour in which to repent of his bad generalship at Poitiers, where the young Black Prince took him prisoner. Here he was brought after that ride through the streets of London which must have been to him so humiliating, although he was shown much courtesy by his captor.

It was the opposite tower across the Upper Ward, with better accommodation, that Henry V. of England assigned to the use of the young King of Scotland, who had been illegally captured during a time of truce. Young James of Scotland's uncle, the old Duke of Albany, was not supposed to be particularly sorry to have his sovereign and nephew kept in England, for it gave Albany all power in Scotland. So at Windsor James remained for nearly twenty years, becoming expert in literature and in knightly exercises.

The English were kind to him, and it was from this building of his captivity, now called Edward the Third's Tower, that he saw his future queen, a daughter of the House of Beaufort, walking in the garden at the base of the Keep.

The long residence in England was beneficial to



PRISONERS' SIGNATURES ON THE WALLS OF THE NORMAN TOWER.

James in many ways, and when he was at last allowed to return to his northern kingdom he entered it the most accomplished knight of his time. He was much beloved by the English, with whom he managed, when on the throne, to keep on fair terms. His reign was illustrious, and worthy of a better close than that of the tragic assassination by which it was ended.

We need not think of all the terrible things that have happened at Windsor Castle—of prisoners dying by inches in dark dungeons; of men mutilated for treason, like the Earl of Eu; of the rare attacks the Castle has been called on to endure; of the ruin wrought in glorious chapel and halls by Cromwell's soldiery. For Windsor has chiefly been associated with the brighter and more cheery events of the national life.

Here, more often than in any other royal home, were the joy-bells rung for the births and marriages of our princes; although here, too, the funeral knell has also been often heard; for it is the tomb, as it is the dwelling-place, of the monarchs of England.

The most daring and most romantic of the Constables of the Round Tower, the fiery Prince Rupert, made its rooms beautiful with pictures, with tapestry, and with ornament. At once an artist and a warrior, such as few countries have produced, he lived to see the palace a prey to the spoiler.

Earlier as well as later days are recalled by the

buildings that are now devoted to the library. They overlook the Thames and England's great school of Eton. From their windows one gazes across the river far below, on the roofs and towers of the college founded by Henry VI.

Between the groups of houses and the thickly-scattered trees one may catch glimpses of bands of boys in the distance, playing football or cricket, or rowing on the Thames. The poet Gray, looking on the same cheerful scene, wrote gloomily, "Alas! regardless of their doom, the little victims play." Well, they are fortunate victims, and the men who have been at school there would gladly live over again the years they spent at Eton.

It was in this part of the Castle that Queen Elizabeth lived and moved and had her imperious being. It was in a little chamber in a turret here that Queen Anne received the despatch from Marlborough wishing her joy on the victory of Blenheim. He wrote on a scrap of paper from the field, "Your Majesty's troops have had a great victory, and Marshal Tallard is in my coach." He had, with Prince Eugene, achieved one of the most fruitful successes of that reign of victories.

The old look of a fortress has given way to that of the palace, fearing no foeman; and long may this be so! But the Castle could be made strong against everything save long-range artillery. The walls could contain a large force, and its underground apartments

have the solidity of bomb-proofs. Sentries pace its ramparts, and a regiment of Guards is always at hand.

Nor is it dependent for water on river or outside supply. Not long ago a room in the Round Tower was complained of as always cold. The floor was taken up, and there lay a vast circular stone with great iron rings. By these it was lifted, and a deep, carefully-constructed Norman well was discovered, going down to the level of the Thames itself.

The public are not shown to the bottom of the well, but over all the most interesting parts of the vast Castle there is admission. No school study of English history can give half the zest for its perusal that will certainly be felt after a visit to the grandest among the ancient fortresses of England.

VIEW FROM THE "WHITE HART" OR "GARTER" INN.

Where was the inn Shakespeare knew — "The Garter"? Close to the excellent modern hotel, the "White Hart"—modern only in its comforts, for it is older than Shakespeare. It existed side by side with "The Garter." This "heraldic achievement," where the play of *The Merry Wives of Windsor* was partly written, which was the sign of the Elizabethan Hostelrie, can be seen in Norden's map (p. 15), published in the days of the first English Stuart Sovereign—James VI. of Scotland.

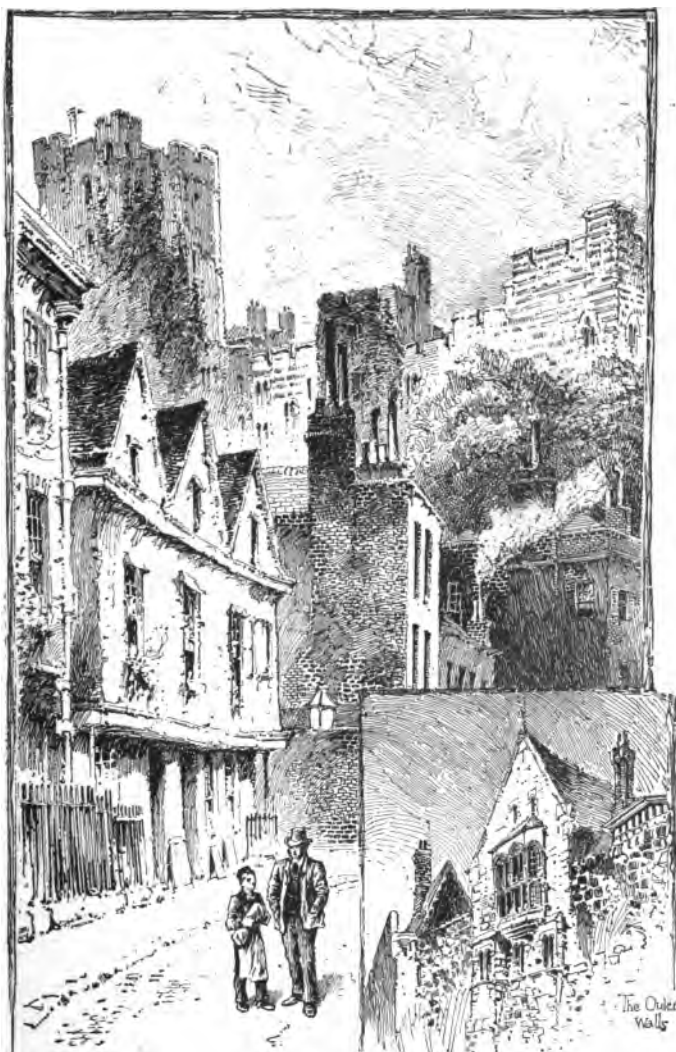
It was then a bigger house than was the "White

Hart," its more successful rival, which now covers part of the ground it formerly occupied. "The Garter" had not only a great signboard on the street, but a hospitable porch, two good storeys, and a spacious courtyard. Its gables must have hidden from the old "White Hart" all view towards Frogmore and the Parks, but from the back windows the aspect must have been a fair one, as in the "spacious times of great Elizabeth" there was but a single row of houses, and gardens and open fields formed the foreground to the landscape embracing St. Leonard's Hill and the country of the Thames Valley.

From the front windows of the "White Hart" the view differed chiefly from the present in that opposite were some red-roofed buildings hiding the Castle ditch. Over them rose the Castle walls we see now, the long "curtain" wall flanked by the Salisbury and Clock towers, and relieved in the centre by the "Garter" tower. One other change must be noted, and that is one which must be deplored, namely, the absence of the ancient Castle ditch. The walls must have had added dignity from the greater apparent height given by the "fosse," which was deep. The present smoothly-levelled sward around the foot of the walls marks where the dry moat was, but marks also the grave of the appearance which stamped Windsor a fortress. We can never forgive Wyatt and George IV. for burying the defiant pride of the Castle

under shaven lawns. The long, irregular moat, crossed at intervals by the bridges leading to the gates, was the symbol of past ages, the grim frame for whatever was seen beyond of beauty or of grandeur. The frame has been abolished, and the picture itself has been badly cleaned. It is, indeed, only in isolated places that the effect of massive walls can be obtained. Elsewhere all the surface has been pointed with black cement, dividing by black lines the stones of the building, and giving a cardboard appearance to the once solid-looking surface.

Fortunately, one part of the walls which has escaped this treatment is that opposite the ancient inn. From its balconies and windows we can still see the great barriers much as they were when traced by Henry II. and III., and finished by Edward III. To be sure, the Curfew Tower on the extreme left has been altered in its highest part, and furnished with a roof which is cut away sheer towards the inner side (p. 21). But this accords with Norman models, and only takes the place of an ugly and incongruous pavilion for a clock and bell. I remember the belfry which surmounted the masonry, and its removal is an improvement. The general aspect of the three towers resembles that of those of Château Gaillard. The salient defences in that French castle of the Seine, built by Cœur-de-Lion within the year, are placed closer together, but in character are alike. Square and circular towers have been nearly equally



THE CASTLE FROM THAMES STREET. A "BIT" OF THE OUTER WALLS.

popular with old architects from Greek and Roman to Norman and English times. The Norman castles in England were at first usually built with square keeps and towers, but the round soon became as common as the square. In looking at these defences we see the strongest buildings in the oldest or Lower Ward, and these are by far the most ancient.

In almost all the strongholds of our ancestors, the keep, or main strength, was sufficient on one side without further defences. The massive walls, thicker than any other around them, were guarded by deep ditch and outer palisade. Sweeping down the slope was a space enclosed by barriers, which contained lodgings for the men-at-arms, a chapel, and any other buildings necessary for the lord and the knights. Clustering around the foot of these lower defences the town grew under the shelter of the castle. If there were space on the open ground beyond the keep, the area was used for the parades and exercises in arms of the garrison and of their officers. Where the present Upper Ward is, there the "place d'armes" was, and it was only after the fortress had grown to be a king's palace for generations that the place of exercise became part of the ground occupied by buildings. We see this to have been the growth of such castles in many instances. Often the abrupt character of the hill on which the first towers were raised allowed of no such extension, and Gaillard, Arques, and other French *châteaux*, should be



THE LOWER WARD, LOOKING UP.

studied to understand the beginning and growth of the British-Norman fortalice.

THE LOWER WARD (pp. 27, 29),

that is, the part containing all the buildings immediately in front of the window of the "White Hart" Hotel and up to the neighbourhood of the Round Tower, is the portion of the Castle which retains most of its old character. The walls have not been covered by dark flint dividing-lines. They look more as if of one piece, when viewed from a little distance.

The Norman work can be known by the manner in which the lower part of the wall slopes forwards, buttress-like, so as to give greater strength to the portion above. If you look carefully at the works you will see where the Norman work ended, some ten or twelve feet below the present summit line. High battlements probably crowned the old summit. This fine front towards the town and river, must have looked even better than it does now, for when it was first raised the present broad roadway at its base existed only as a bridle track, and the slope of the ground, which is now interrupted, broke away clear down to the river at a sharp angle.

There is a remarkable sallyport and excavated passage leading to it, between the Belfry Tower and the central "Garter" Tower. It is not now shown to visitors, as its commencement in the interior of the

Castle starts from the cellars of one of the private houses within the wall. There in the cellar is a low door, and, on this being opened, a steep, wide and lofty passage leads down by flights of broken steps along the face of the wall and then under the sward at its foot to a place beneath the present roadway. There the Gothic arches that support the roof, at the doorways placed at intervals in the passage are seen above the heaps of rubbish which choke further progress. The walls are hewn in the chalk and there are marks that indicate the time of Henry II. and Richard I. as the probable date of the work. There are so many stories telling of secret passages in connection with many old castles that it is curious to observe that those at Windsor were apparently not carried beyond the outer works, and were accordingly made to open on the further side of the ditch, whose side towards the enemy could thus be manned without the knowledge of the besiegers.

At the basement of the Belfry Tower there is a fine vaulted chamber, in which is still preserved a relic far more modern, indeed, than the stonework around it, but a relic of a custom probably as old—namely, the “stocks,” the two heavy planks with holes in them to imprison the legs of culprits, who were thus in their helplessness exposed to the gaze, the jeers, and possibly the missiles of the mob. This great chamber was a guard-room, and the long loopholes seen in the wall of the Belfry Tower are its only

windows. These loopholes are badly designed for shooting, for they allow to the casemates in which they are placed merely a direct view of the narrowest limits. It was only long after these were made that the horizontal loophole, giving a wide range, was used.

There is so great a throng of recollections joined to each scene at Windsor, that while we must associate the memory of Falstaff with the "Garter" or "White Hart" building, it is well, in looking at the Castle, to remember only the earlier days when the front of the fortress opposite first rose nearly in the shape it now presents to the eye—namely, those of Henry III.

Over the causeway, that was narrow enough in those times, and very unlike the broad, terraced, paved road which now occupies far more space, were to be seen swarming on those lofty walls and rounded towers the army of workmen in their coloured gaberdines and hose, employed in raising the defences under the directions of the king's overseers. In bright long robes of red, green, and blue, the citizens looked on, glad to see so much money spent among the people of their town, and receiving with acclamations the good-looking, fair-haired monarch, as he came to watch the work. The pulling down of the older walls with pick and hammer, the dust raised by the fall of dislodged and crumbling masonry, the heaving by lever and scaffold of new material up

to the masons who were fitting new tiers of stone to the new structure, the king's guards called from their lounge to stand erect and silent in their gleaming armour, while Henry was superintending the workmen's labours—all this we can see well enough as we fill in the foreground to that enduring scene beyond.

Then we may turn to think of the fortunes of that master of men before us, and, wise after the event, may be sorry that he was less constant to his own good fortune than he was to his love for Windsor. Henry III. was a wilful man, uncertain and extravagant. At the marriage of his daughter to Alexander III., King of Scotland, he had at Windsor one thousand of his knights clothed in silk, and his court was, like his conduct, full of glitter and weakness. His desperate conflicts with his barons would have ruined him, had it not been for the best gift he gave his people, in his son.

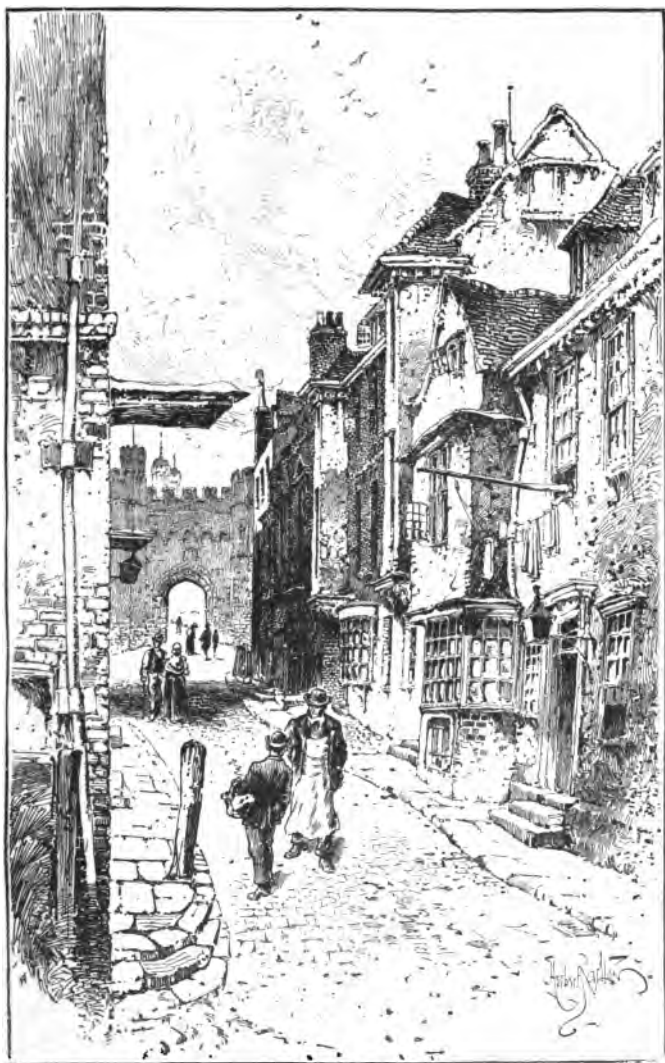
That son, Edward I., seems to us in these days more like a prince in a fairy-tale than a man who held rule in this sober England of ours. His life was a succession of romantic adventures. The warrior-saviour of his father's party while yet a young man, the successful adversary in single combat against the most noted swordsman of his day, Adam de Gordon; he fought in Palestine, and lived to conquer in Wales and in Scotland. And what were the events that in Europe made Henry and Edward speak of their great neighbours abroad, in France and in Germany?

With France Henry had only too much concern. Normandy was practically lost to him through the energy of the French king, and the name of Taillebourg reminds men of a defeat such as English arms have seldom suffered. But father and son had longings also for a more glorious conquest than that of a French province. Jerusalem was the goal of the Crusaders, and Edward yearned to take part in the Crusades. While Louis of France, the ninth of the name, with a greater daring even than that of the English, was soon to forfeit all his army, taken and slaughtered in Africa, at Mansora; the power of the Pope of Rome was again to be illustrated by the humiliation of the German Emperor, who, kneeling to the pontiff at Canossa, had the priest's foot placed upon his neck.

HENRY VIII.'S GATEWAY.

Looking up the broad roadway, past Boehm's bronze statue of Queen Victoria, the eye follows the long and varied line of the southern walls of the Lower Ward. These, like the others near the town, are not marred, except in places, by the black mortar placed elsewhere between the stones, and they wear, therefore, a more massive appearance. Ascending this road, we see at once on the left the gateway called by the name of Henry VIII. (p. 45).

When you visit the state rooms in the Castle you will see faithful portraits of this king by Holbein.



HENRY VIII.'S GATEWAY,

Broad, fair, and with little tufts on upper lip and chin, his stout face is set squarely to you, with the two well-shaped but small blue eyes, which cannot have been displeasing, or else why was it that so many women liked them? They must often have looked cruel enough. But rank and jewels are said to be as good as fine eyes, and gems and gold hang round his neck and adorn the cap set jauntily on one side of his close-cropped head. Nor were his shapely strong hands niggardly of gifts. He it was who widened what may have been a meaner gate at this place, and built the two peculiar-shaped flanking towers. But the windows have been enlarged, and the summit battlements renewed. A portcullis in his time barred the entrance, and a drawbridge made access difficult. But the external aspect is all that is slightly altered. See, over the machicolation, or projected parapet, that guards the entrance, the rose, portcullis, and *fleur-de-lys*. These were Tudor crests, the royal emblems that were donned and doffed in feudal families; for the crests were not like the arms, necessarily descendant from father to son. In Germany you may see half a dozen crests or badges above a coat-of-arms. In England they were more sparingly used. The central part of the gate-house, and that facing the inner side, is as he left it. Just beyond, in the outer ditch, there was a vineyard, from which good grapes came, fit to make into wine. Warm summers ripen grapes well in this part of

England often now, and I have seen great bunches grown against a brick wall in a garden in the town of Eton; but it is long since the ditch in the chalk at the Castle gave the vintner its fruit. Perhaps it was the perquisite of the Governor of the Castle.

It was in the room above the gateway that this officer held his court, to try all offences committed within his jurisdiction, which extended for many miles around. It is a commodious chamber, and the power formerly exercised over the citizens has even now its counterpart, in the court held by the Warden of the Stannaries, by the courts of the Duchy of Cornwall and of Lancaster, and by the Lord Mayor within the precincts of the City of London. When the last sitting was held in that place of justice over the doorway is not clear. But the dignity of justice was enforced by the condemned being placed in a gloomy little vault which was lit by a window looking into the Lower Ward. This prison was apparently humiliated afterwards by receiving other "rough diamonds" in the shape of coals, for it was called the "coal-hole." But in Henry's time it was chiefly used for the punishment of poachers caught in the park and forest. The Governor was also ranger of the royal game preserves, and was responsible for all men sent to gaol for breaking the laws that kept good "venerie" for the king. In keeping those sentenced in his prison at the gate, he followed ancient ways, for the dungeon was commonly in

such a place where, a guard being in any case always at hand, no extra watch was needed.

It was by this road that Anne Boleyn came when Henry had gone out to meet her. "The king entered Windsor with great horses," says the chronicler, "that is to say, nine coursers with nine children of honour upon them, and the master of the king's horses on another great courser's back, following them, having and leading the king's horse of estate in his hand, a rich courser with a rich saddle, and trapped and garnished, and so entered the Castle." Through that doorway the queen rode—the poor queen, brought from her pretty old house of Hever, in peaceful Kent, to share for a short space the crown, and then to be beheaded on Tower Hill by the command of her hardhearted master, who watched from a mound at Richmond for the signal given at the distant Tower that his wife was dead. Truly that river that flows by Windsor and Richmond and the Tower has seen many changes; but none sadder than this! And Henry, where is he? His body is in a vault under the church over against us, and when last seen the lid of the coffin was off, leaving the bones exposed, and the great shoulder-blades and heavy bones lay white beneath the yellow light of the lanterns of the searchers.

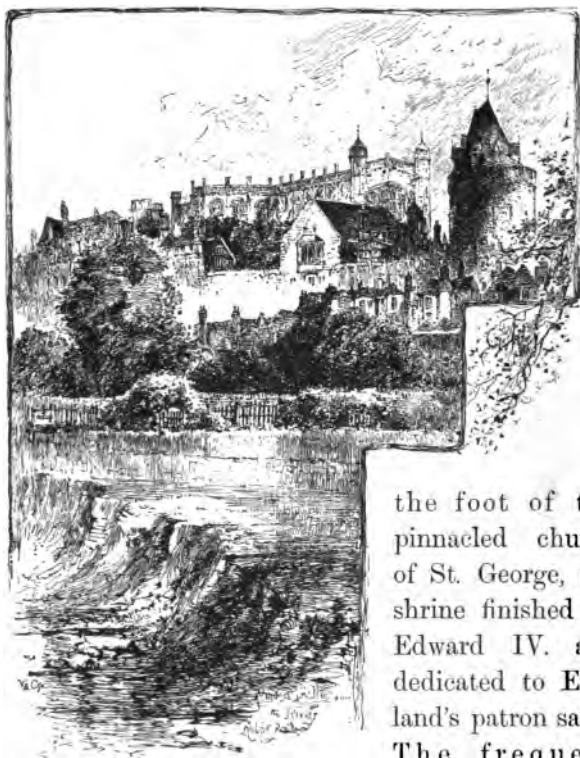
ST. GEORGE'S STORY.

When within Henry's Gate, we see before us the whole of the Lower Ward, the ancient grass plots still



THE OUTER CLOISTERS AND ANNE BOLEYN'S WINDOW.

carpeting its area where the ground slopes upwards on the right, and spreading the English daisies to



ST. GEORGE'S CHAPEL FROM THE
RIVER.

the foot of the pinnacled church of St. George, the shrine finished by Edward IV. and dedicated to England's patron saint. The frequent statue-crowned buttresses of the

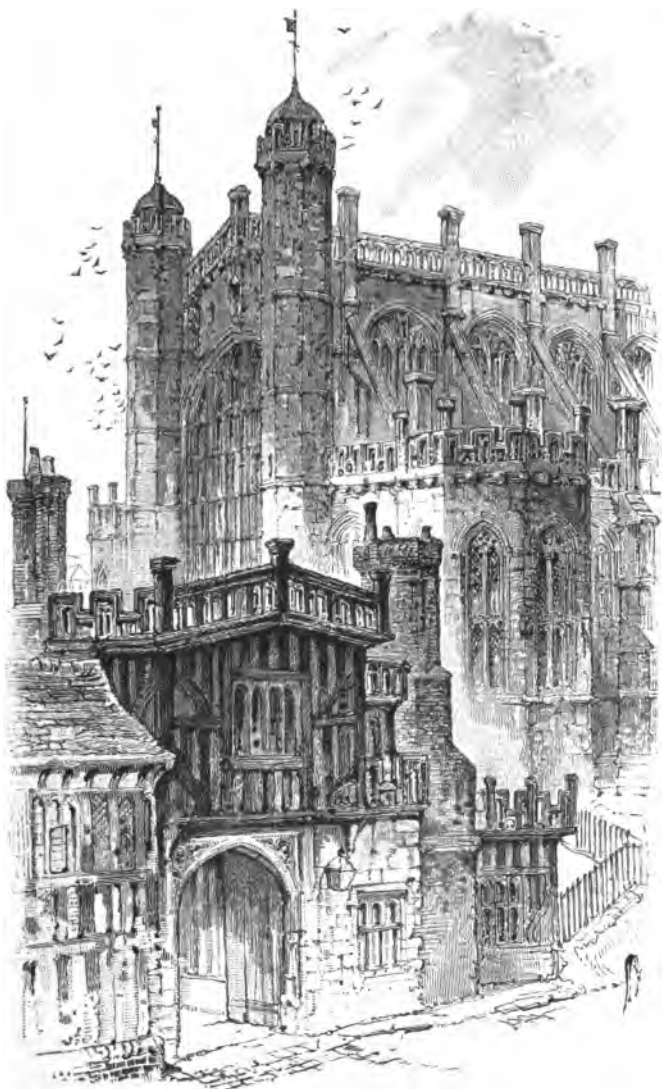
chapel tell of fair groined roofs within, but these we shall examine later; and now, when we have the oldest ward of the fortress spread before us, and are

inside the defences, and can see their lines sweeping round on our left and hiding the town from us, as they encircle the brick and timber-built residences at the west end of the stately church, we may pause and ask why was all this "dedicated" to St. George?

Well, Ashmole says briefly that the father of the king who finished the chapel doubted, when he commenced it, to whom to give the dedication. He thought more of the Order of the Garter than of the chapel; but his chapel was to be under the same heavenly patronage as his order of chivalry, and so first for his order and then for his chapel he is said to have reasoned as follows: "The first and chiefest patron that he elected for this end was the Holy Trinity; . . . nor was it accounted any derogation to God, but rather the contrary, that by their means, through whom He is well-pleased to be sought unto. Upon which consideration this religious and pious king, being singularly affected to the blessed Virgin Mary, though she was accounted the mediatrix to all men, yet did he more particularly entitle her to the patronage of the said order"—and chapel—"and no less was King Edward IV. in a special manner devoted to the same blessed Virgin. Thirdly, *St. George of Cappadocia*, a most choice champion of Christ, and famous martyr, was also chosen. And that not so much because in his life he was a candidate of the Christian faith, a real professor, and a sincere dependent thereof; or for that

he was an armed soldier or knight of Christ; but much more because in those wars, which were waged by Christians against the infidels, he by several appearances showed his presence as a most certain encourager and assistant to the Christians, the relations of some of which visions may be seen at large. There is no need we should engage in asserting the history of St. George against those who would neither allow him a place in heaven, or an existence in the Church. The little pains we are eased of, in associating and assuring him to be the special patron, protector, defender, and advocate of this realm of England, and manifesting in what veneration he has been held abroad, especially among the Eastern churches. He was called our nation's patron in relation to the spiritual militia of the kingdom. It is worthy of observation that Duchesne, a French writer, acknowledges it was by the special invocation of St. George that King Edward III. gained the battle of Crécy, which afterwards calling to mind, he founded to his honour a chapel in the Castle of Windsor. But if we may go higher, it seems King Arthur paid St. George particular honours, for he advanced his picture in one of his banners; and this was about 200 years after his martyrdom; and very early, for a country so remote from Cappadocia, to have him in so great estimation."

St. George's story, as in the "Golden Legende," of which Caxton printed copies, runs in this wise :



ST. GEORGE'S CHAPEL.

“Saint George was a knight, born at Capadose. On a time he came into the Province of Libya, to a city which is called Sylene, and by this city was a stagne, or pond, like a sea, wherein was a Dragon, which envenomed all the country; and the people of the city gave to him every day two sheep for to feed him; and when the sheep failed, there was taken a man and a sheep.

“Then was an ordinance made in the town, that there should be taken the children and young people of them of the town by lot, and that, so it happened, the lot fell upon the king's daughter; whereof the king was sorry and said: ‘For the love of God take gold and silver and all that I have, and let me have my daughter.’ And the people said: ‘How, sir, you have made and ordained the law, and our children be now dead, and now you would do the contrary. Your daughter shall be given, or else we will burn you, and your holds.’ When the king saw he might no more do, he began to weep, and returned to the people and demanded eight days’ respite; and when the eight days were passed, then did the king array his daughter like as she would be wedded, and led her to the place where the dragon was. When she was there, St. George passed by, and demanded of the lady what she made there, and she said: ‘Go you your ways, fair young man, that you perish not also.’ . . The dragon appeared, and St. George, upon his horse, bore himself against the

dragon, and smote him with his spear, and threw him to the ground, and delivered the lady to her father, who was baptised, and all his people. This



ST. GEORGE'S CHAPEL: THE CHOIR, LOOKING WEST.

blessed holy martyr, St. George, is patron of this realm of England, and the cry of men of war; in the worship of whom is founded the noble Order of the Garter, and also a noble college in the Castle

of Windsor, in which college is the heart of St. George, which Sigismund, the Emperor of Almayne, brought and gave for a great and precious relic to King Harry the Fifth. And also the said Sigismund was a brother of the said Garter; and also here is a piece of his head."

No man now knows where these relics are. They may have been scattered by Cromwell's "Levellers"—as ready to level saints as nobles—or made away with at an earlier date. Even the very name and identity of St. George himself has been questioned. The George of "Capadose" is confused with another George, and the patron of England has actually been "mixed up" in men's minds with his namesake, who was an army contractor! So also the patron of Ireland, although confused with no namesake, has, in his own sacred person, been degraded by being dubbed "a Scots sheep-stealer!" Only St. Andrew of Scotland, among the national saints, has escaped destruction by the malicious gossips of later ages. His record was too ancient and too certain to be assailed. His sign, which appeared in the dark blue sky on the night before Hungus, the Scottish king, was to give battle to Athelstan the Dane for the kingdom of Northumbria, gave assurance of the victory of the Scots. Ever since that night the silver cross on the blue field has been the Scottish banner. Its azure ground is still that of the "Union Jack," which, uniting the diagonal

red cross of St. Patrick, and the straight-barred broad crimson cross of St. George, is the flag that floats from the Keep. This national flag is hoisted in token that Windsor Castle is a national possession, a state-fortress, and palace. The standard, with the armorial bearings of the three kingdoms, waves over the Round Tower when the Sovereign is "in residence."

Now "Forward, for St. George and merry England," to the chapel of her saint!

ST. GEORGE'S CHAPEL (pp. 50, 53).

It has been observed that places of burial have in themselves a fascination for many. Others, repelled by the thoughts of death, leave to those whose memories attach them to the departed the duty of visiting their tombs. Monuments in honour of the dead lined of old for miles the Roman causeways near the entrance of the cities. Christians have laid the dead in isolated fields, or within and around the walls of churches. The belief that the prayers of the living availed beyond life, made it seem best that burial should be where intercession for the soul could be frequent. Within the church, and within hearing of the sound of chant and praise, it was natural that men should wish to be buried. To all spots marked out by the daily-occurring tragedy of funeral processions, human sympathy and interest cling. And these emotions are greatest

where great men have been carried to the grave. Over the narrow cells where we believe their bones to lie, we recall the pageants, the successes, the glories, or the woes of their lives. They made their mark—shall we? and, if we do, shall we be the happier to have done so? Now the grave or the pavement is rained on or trodden upon, and who knows if they whom so many feared or loved, feel or care for the world we see? for the whole span of the existence of our globe may be as nothing to the timelessness to which their spirits have entered. And these thoughts of ours, turning to the awful and unknown, make us grateful for the beauty that rises as a yet living love over those who have passed to the beauty that we know not. The abodes of rest for the dust of their bodies here please us most when hallowed by flower and tree, or by their similitudes to these, in shrine, and pillared avenue, and branching roof of stone. The nature that gives grace to God's Acre gives a beauty in far more fleeting form than does the stone we place to commemorate the dead. But in its renewal by the hand of God it is more lasting than monument or minster. The flowers of the Eternal Giver decorate tombs that man has in vain sought to make imperishable. Let it be enough that we endeavour to help the passing memory of man, by work that shall remind us of the great of our own race and kingdom.

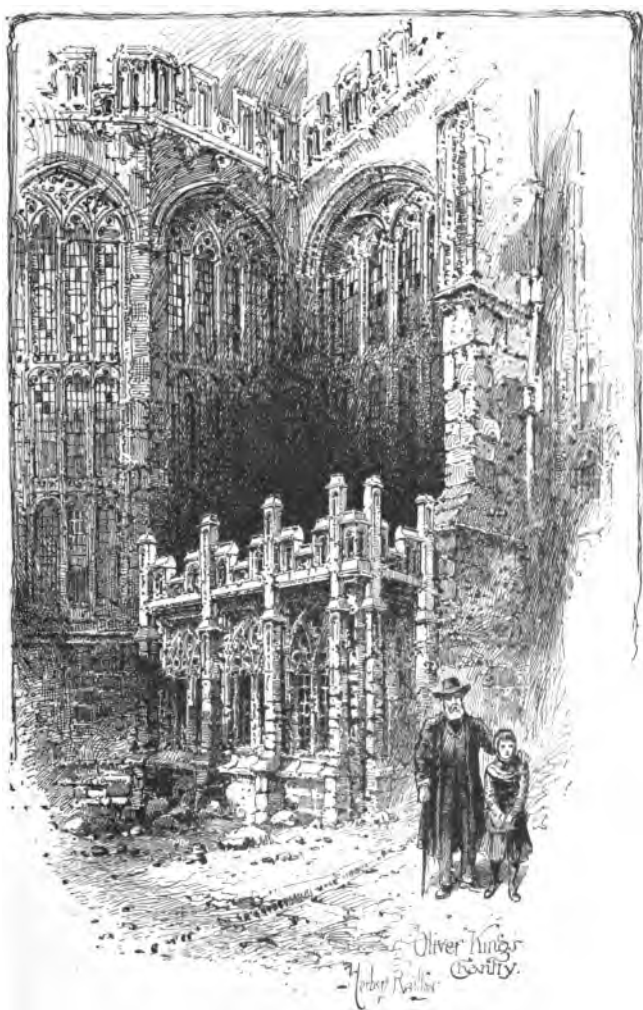
And what a fair memorial is here! Around this

chapel, and the spot on which its humbler predecessors stood, has flowed the life of all that is most notable in England. To this shrine has been borne a great part of that dust which has made our isles illustrious in the history of freedom the wide world over. Wendell Holmes wrote quaintly that one half of the soil of England had walked on the rest of it, in the forms of heroes, poets, wits, and sages. The earliest of her famous poets, namely, Chaucer, was builder of the church that met the eye on entering the lowest southern gate. A smaller church stood on part of the site, and beyond, and on each side of the old chapel, arose the towers on the northern wall, long since taken down to provide space for the little ecclesiastical colony which grouped itself around the church. Even the buildings on your right, as you face the church and look along the southern wall, are tenanted by men who are under the ecclesiastics. These are the poor knights—old soldiers, who pass their last years as pensioners, and are not under the Governor, but acknowledge the discipline of Mother Church. You may see them in red uniforms proceeding to take part in the services; for on Sundays, at least, they are expected to be present. I remember one of these old gentlemen who excited my wonder, when, as an Eton boy, I sat sometimes in one of the stalls above him, for he had a bullet wound on both sides of his bald skull, and to all appearance the shot must have either traversed or made the circuit of that hard

head with remarkable care, for he was a knight of Windsor for many decades after the French had hit him with a bullet large enough to kill an ox.

We enter with the old knights by the little door on the south side over against Henry VIII.'s Gateway, and find ourselves in the wide aisle of the nave, white and with a fine but singularly flat vaulting, characteristic of all the old buildings at Windsor. The fair fanpalm-like spread of the stone branches from the slender columns, their meeting in the spacious roof—the large window at the west end, with its door rarely opened except for state occasions—the few recesses that tell of side chapels, and the somewhat heavy white stone screen that divides nave and chancel, are the features that first meet the eye. Here Chaucer laboured with his masons and carvers. His round face, short beard and moustache, quick eyes, kindly look, and the small figure alert and forceful, clad in a long dark cloak, and on his head a black cap having a long peak which fell down behind between his shoulders, denoted a man of mark. Builder, architect, artist, and poet, he was also a diplomatist. But with his workmen he had to exercise no diplomacy. The men were pressed by royal edict to come as Chaucer required them.

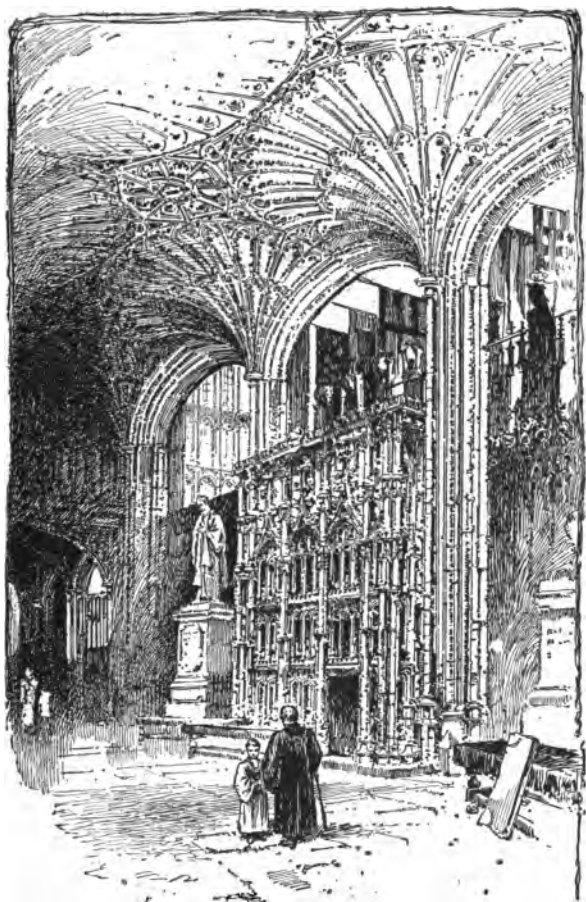
The times of great victories are also often the times of great builders and writers. But after the death of the victor of Poitiers, and the death of "England's first warbler," decay fell on the chapel, and we have



OLIVER KING'S CHANTRY.

to pass over the reigns of Richard II. and of three Henrys—the fourth, the fifth, and the sixth of that name—and arrive at another reign of storm to find another builder working at the renewal and completion of the Castle's church. We have to look to the Wars of the Roses and the accession of Edward IV., the head of the House of York, the leader of the party of the White Rose, the Edward who won his throne at twenty with the aid of Warwick the "King Maker." It was in the reign that saw the desperate battles of Hexham, Banbury, Tewkesbury, and Barnet, a time of strife when as many as 38,000 perished in one battle, that this fair fane to the glory of the Lord of War, and to His Son, the Prince of Peace, was perfected. Strange that the man whose claim was the cause of bloodshed that exhausted England, should have been the creator of the chief ornament of her noblest palace!

We think of debts due when a post-obit is named, but here the name was a very familiar one, for an obit meant that there was a sum of money left to the clergy on condition that they would sing or say a mass for the repose of the souls of the men who aided in erecting side-chapels or chantries. There can hardly have passed many hours in the olden days when this church did not echo to the chant for the dead, who had decorated with tomb and canopy, statue or cusped work bearing a coat-of-arms, these beautiful recesses in the palace sanctuary (pp. 61, 63).



The Hastings
Chantry
H. R. P. 1850

THE HASTINGS CHANTRY.

"Other times, other men," and the aisles are now silent, some of the monuments are gone, yet the dead are there, and "little they'll reck if they'll let them sleep on, in the graves" where their children have laid them. Money, too, was given, for sumptuous memorials never erected, notably in the case of Henry VIII.



ALMS-BOX, ST. GEORGE'S CHAPEL.

Observe at the east end of the south aisle, on the centre stone of the arch in the roof, the curious figures represented as kneeling on each side of a cross; one has an immense crown on his head, the other a mitre and a crozier in his hand. These are Edward IV. and Richard Beauchamp, Bishop of Salisbury, after whom the tower in front of the

"White Hart" Inn is named: the lords spiritual and temporal who presided over the renovated and enlarged church. Let us first go down the nave, and, turning

to the right into the north aisle of the choir, pay a visit to the place where the victor Edward lies. Edward IV. is writ large on the simple monument. A quaint screen of iron, formerly guarding this place, still stands within the opposite wall of the choir. "The trophies of honour," says an old account, "above this Prince were richly embroidered with pearl and gold, interwoven with Rubies, and hung secure till the general plunder of this royal chapel, anno 1642, at which time these ensigns of Royalty became the prey of men whose zeal was Profit, equally void of every religious and civil Regard." On the southern aisle, in a similar position, was placed the body of the man he dethroned, poor Henry VI. Pope said:—

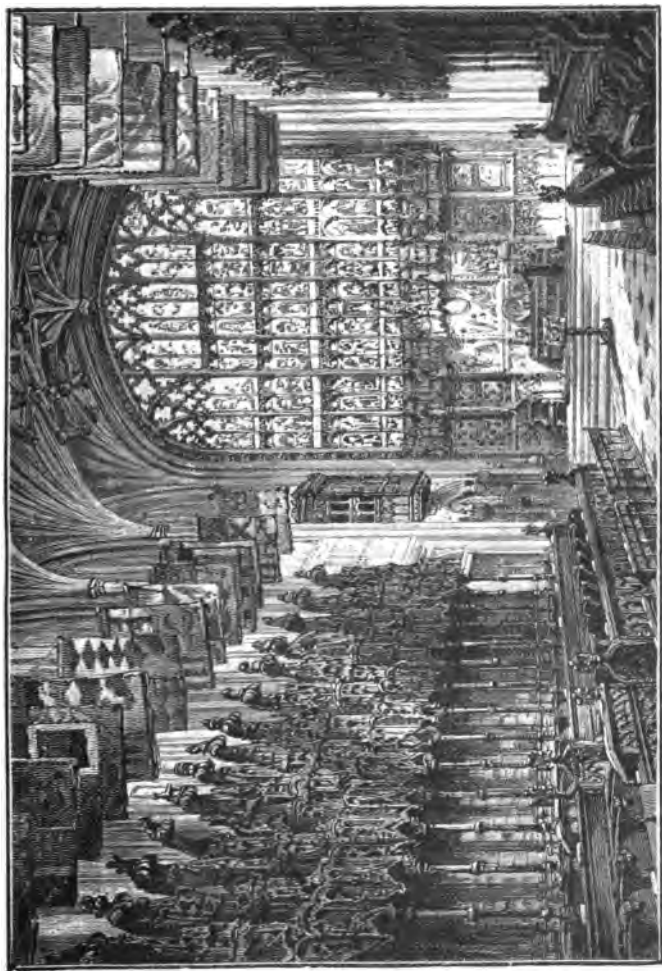
"Let softest strains ill-fated Henry mourn,
And palms eternal flourish round his urn ;
Here, o'er the martyr king, the marble weeps,
And fast beside him once-feared Edward sleeps ;
Whom not the extended Albion could contain
From old Belerium to the German main ;
The grave unites where e'en the great find rest,
And blended lie the oppressor and the oppressed."

After the pilgrimage to the builder's grave, let us save time by noting only the most remarkable objects in the western part of the church, which is of nearly equal length with the choir. On the west side of the south aisle note the recumbent figures in the Beaufort Chapel, wherein lie not only the bodies of those whose tombs are erected, but also Henry, Marquis of

Worcester, "so eminent for the great supplies of money and men afforded to his sovereign, King Charles the Martyr, and for the keeping of his castle of Raglan with a strong garrison at his sole expense, till it became the last but one in England and Wales to hold out against the Rebels, and then not yielding it but after a long siege to the Lord Fairfax, generalissimo of the Parliament forces. In revenge of which obstinacy, as they termed it, it was demolished, and all his woods and parks cut down and destroyed, and his estate sold by the act of the then rebellious Parliament, to the great damage of himself and his posterity."

See the figure also of Charles Somerset, 1526, and his wife, a daughter of Lord Huntington, excellent specimens of the art of that day in England. Then, in contrast, see the elaborate composition of our day. The marble figure of Princess Charlotte rises with her child in her arms, very similar to one in the mausoleum at Belvoir, in Rutlandshire. Note also, in passing up to the choir again, the fine effigies of the ancestor of the Duke of Newcastle, the Lord Lincoln who was High Admiral to Queen Elizabeth; and also the figure of the Duke of Rutland's forefather. These knightly figures have had better fortune than have those of the kings, whose intentions in regard to their memorials were very seldom carried out, or if carried out were often rendered vain through destruction.

And now, entering the choir where we see the



ST. GEORGE'S CHAPEL: THE CHOIR, LOOKING EAST.

perspective towards the altar, and the great and gorgeous eastern window framed by the carved woodwork of the stalls, and the array of banners above our heads (pp. 55, 67), we stand on ground which, since the time of the first Henry, has been dedicated to prayer. We stand where English hearts have been most deeply stirred in taking part in the ceremonies attending life's earliest events, its triumphs and its close. This has been the naming-place, the marriage hall, and the tomb of England's greatest rulers, and the last five centuries have heard the same beautiful roof ring to the thanksgiving for our victories and the dirges sung over our kings. Only one was laid below this pavement with no pomp, and with the scant attendance and the haste that told of disaster. It was when Charles I.'s mutilated body was carried from the scaffold of Whitehall to Windsor, and quickly thrust into the vault where Henry VIII. and Jane Seymour lie. On a snowy day his coffin, with the simple inscription "King Charles," was borne by faithful cavaliers to St. George's Chapel, which had been defaced and despoiled by the troopers of his successful enemy. Here it lay forgotten, until, in this century, it was opened, and before the lid was again placed on it someone more curious than honest stole the severed pieces of the neck-bone and the lower jaw. These relics came within the last few years into more reverent hands. Again a pilgrimage was made to the vault; again the

black velvet cover was seen between the other two lying there, and the bone and the remains of the jaw, to which the beard still clung, were piously replaced.

Perhaps one of the most sumptuous funerals was that of Charles's partner in the grave, Henry VIII. Henry's body was brought in state in a chariot, his



THE ROYAL VAULT.

effigy lying upon the coffin (these waxen effigies of monarchs to represent the dead body, which in the East is still carried to its grave exposed to the view, can be seen at Westminster Abbey) with the imperial crown on the head, and under it a night-cap of black satin set full of precious stones. Apparellled with robes of crimson velvet furred with miniver, powdered with ermine, the collar of the Garter with the Order of

St. George about the neck, a crimson satin doublet embroidered with gold, and bracelets of gold about the wrists, set with stones and pearls, a fair armoury sword by his side, the sceptre in the right hand, the ball in the left, a pair of scarlet hose, crimson velvet shoes, gloves on the hands and several diamond rings on the fingers, he was "drawn by eight great horses trapped with black, adorned with escutcheons, and a shaffedon on their heads. On each horse rode a child carrying a bannerole with the king's arms. A large way was railed from the gate, the west door of the church, and the way and the church were hung with black and armorial shields. The clergy, with the bishops in full pontificals, received the corpse, with the singers, and after censuring and such-like ceremonials, the waxen effigy was first conveyed into the choir by divers knights and gentlemen, and then the coffin, by sixteen yeomen with black staves in their hands, was brought to the midst of the choir, under which was provided a goodly vault. The hearse had thirteen pillars, and weighed 4,000 pounds, having about it twelve banners of descent. Next day, with pomp and reverence, it was let down into the vault" (p. 69).

When such ceremonies take place now, the body is lowered to the strains of the organ, and descends slowly from the eyes of the congregation, to be afterwards wheeled along a private passage to the great tomb-house under Wolsey's Chapel to the east. The waxen effigies mentioned in the old accounts

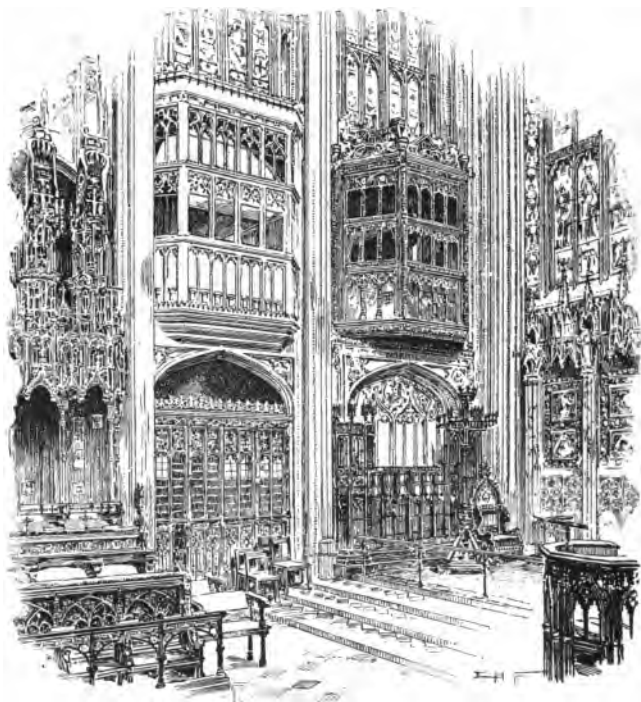
are not now used. A number of them are preserved at Westminster, and the late Dean Stanley of that Abbey loved to show the collection to his friends, who were wont to say that his fondness for



IN THE CLOISTER.

collecting such things held good, not of waxen images only, but made him desire the burial of all his best and most distinguished friends in his own church, and that he grudged every one of the illustrious dead to other places.

But though so often the white nave and decorated choir have been crowded with the stately solemnities



CHOIR STALLS AND ROYAL CLOSET, ST. GEORGE'S CHAPEL.

of honour for the dead, more cheerful recollections are ever present. The Prince of Wales, and others of Queen Victoria's children, have been married here, and the huzzas of the Eton boys have been more



THE HUNDRED STEPS.

often heard cheering a bride, than has the silence of the waiting crowd given signal of mourning in the grassy ward without. On such a day of rejoicing Windsor is indeed spirit-stirring. The immense royal standard floats in gold, blue, and crimson from the Keep. Carriages, with servants in scarlet, carry guests gay in uniform and silks, the melody of chiming bells is heard from belfries of tower and town, the houses of the citizens are bright with flags, and as the Sovereign, with outriders and grey horses, is driven past, the guards present arms, and, escorted by the plumed cavalry wearing gleaming cuirasses, she is cheered to the echo; for the enthusiasm shown to bride and bridegroom arises because they are the children of the Queen the people love.

In the chapel her private "closet" juts out high on the north wall, above the side of the altar. It is shaped like the projecting latticed windows of the streets of Cairo (pp. 67, 72). There is now no covered way to it from the Upper Ward. It communicates with the deanery, an ancient habitation, which through inquisitorial little windows, commands two of the "walks" of a remarkable cloister.

This should be seen, as also an unpretentious inner cloister (p. 75), placed immediately above the steep descent called the "Hundred Steps," which leads down from the Castle to the town (p. 73). In the main cloister, note on the wall a remarkable head in fresco walled in among less interesting tablets. It is a very

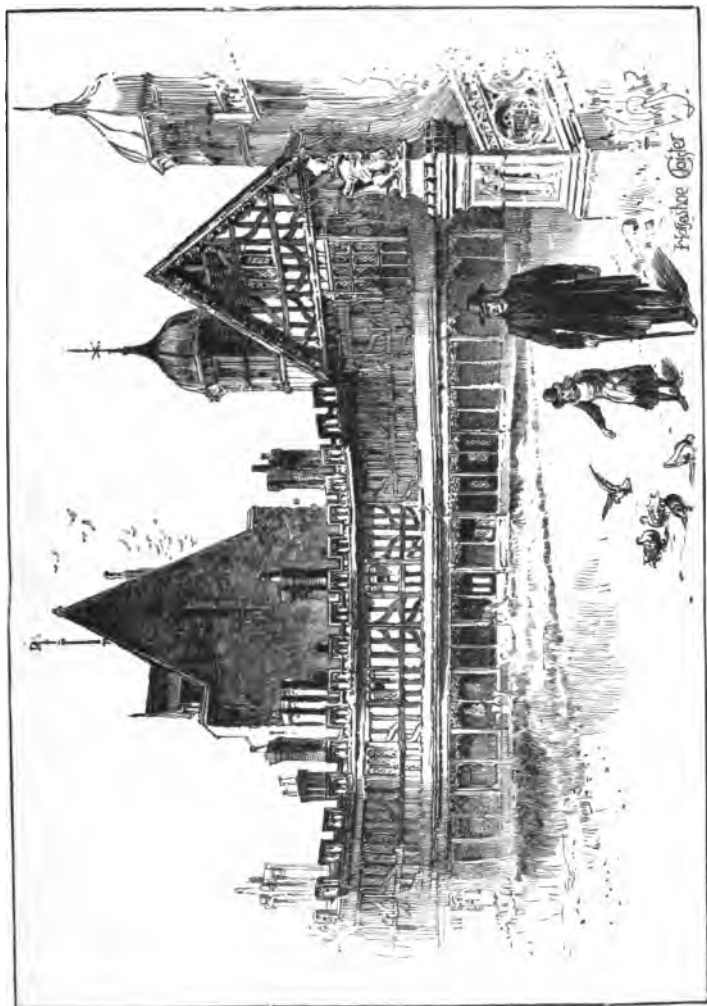


INNER CLOISTER, LOOKING WEST.

early painting of one of the English kings. He is crowned with the simple coronet known of old as the crown, which was not then arched over. Nowadays the "closing of the coronet" with the "arch of empire" denotes sovereignty. But the Henrys and Edwards were content with the liliated or trefoiled golden circlet, a more elegant ornament than the becushioned and top-heavy modern crown of heraldry.

FETTER-LOCK, OR HORSE-SHOE, CLOISTER AT THE WEST
END OF ST. GEORGE'S CHAPEL (p. 77).

Filling up the space between St. George's Chapel and the Bell Tower, whose lofty roof is seen from within the gateway, with a flat wall facing the interior of the ward, are the picturesque houses, built in brick and timber, of the petty canons. Such examples, of what the Germans call "*Riegel-bau*," and we "*noggin-work*"—the timber frame showing, and the spaces between being filled in with brick, or other material—are now more common on the Rhine, and in Cheshire, than elsewhere. But the style was frequently used in combination with more solid structure. For instance, in the beautiful and very remarkable Castle of Elze, not far from Coblenz and the Moselle, the upper storeys of the fortalice are of timber work, while the lower portion is of very heavy masonry. Down to the time of the Renaissance in Germany, timber facing was associated with masonry. In the stately country-house built



FETTER-LOCK, OR HORSE-SHOE, CLOISTER.

by the Empress Frederick lately near Homburg, the same combination may be seen. At the Duke of Westminster's house at Eaton in Cheshire, the frame buildings are only used for the offices and "dependencies" as here at Windsor. The red colour of the brick affords a pleasant variety where the eye meets with so much stone. The brick is left to show its colour instead of being covered over with plaster or whitewash. The woodwork surmounts the range of buildings in the form of open battlements, and the interior has a covered way, or cloister walk, running along the whole, which is shaped roughly in the form of the heraldic fetter-lock, an emblem of Edward of Windsor's. The Percys had also such a badge, and, like the garter, it may have been assumed to show that the wearer meant to keep fast hold of that confided to his care. "Fast bind, fast find," was an old saying. Whether Edward desired to convey a hint to the clergy that he did not mean them to run loose from the ecclesiastical charge he had given them, or whether the fetter shape was given to their lodgings as a merely personal remembrance, we do not know.

Proceeding through this open court of little residences, we pass the handsome western stair of the church, and see beyond the other side of the "fetter-lock," the monument to poor little Alamayou, the son of the Abyssinian monarch. Lord Napier of Magdala, after his storming of that place, brought

the youth to England, and here he died, and was buried in the chalk catacombs near the church's entrance. His father's crown, which the prince was destined never to wear, was sold for £5 to Mr. Holmes, now librarian at Windsor, by a soldier who had possessed himself of it at Magdala as a piece of "loot," and it is now among the Castle treasures.

Look over the parapet, near the remains of the old banqueting hall, from a little terrace on the north wall, and you will have a most striking view along the north front of the Lower Ward, formerly defended by towers, but now given over to the peaceful abodes of the clergy.

THE STALLS OF THE GARTER KNIGHTS (pp. 55, 67, 72).

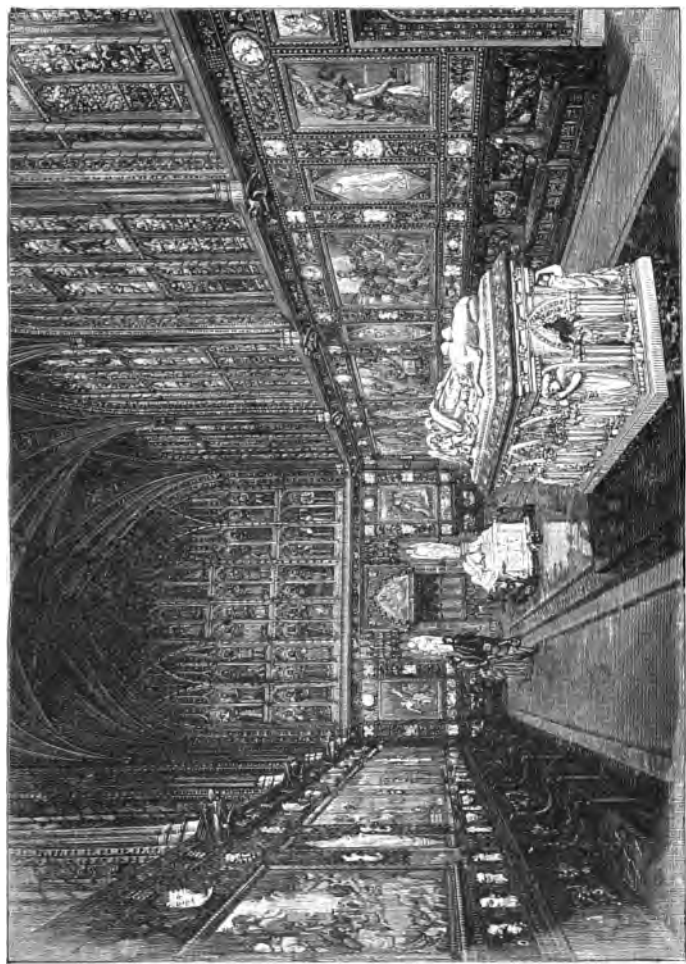
St. George's was rich in saintly relics and in its treasury of church plate. Little is there now—nothing of what was there of old. The plate went during the Civil Wars to be melted to buy arms. Of the ancient adornments, the carved woodwork and the shields in brass of the Garter knights, each man having his armorial bearings in colour above the stall he once occupied, alone remain. As each knight dies, his banner above is removed to make way for another. Observe the rank shown in the helmets under the flags. A casque looking you square in the face is that of a king, a duke's is a little turned to one side, an earl's is yet more. Would that "the great image of St. George, poising [weighing] 260

ounces of pure gold, and garnished with pearls, rubies, sapphires, and other stones," could still be seen! But no sacristan here, as at Aix-la-Chapelle, can open door after door to show visitors the wonders of mediæval art. The stones must be somewhere although the metal has been melted. What becomes of all the ancient precious stones? Many are still on the figures of Our Lady, many still in altars, and in croziers, and in sacred vessels that have escaped profanation. And, perhaps for the "greater blessing of the greater number," most of them are on the necks and wrists and dresses of fair women who let the world see them more often than of old. The stones will last while human beings tread this earth, but if the pearls be not worn they decay and discolour.

Let us rejoice at all events at this, and pass on to

THE TOMB-HOUSE, OR WOLSEY CHAPEL, OR ALBERT
CHAPEL,

where again we strike on memories of Henry VIII., who gave the site, then covered by a ruin, to his great Cardinal Wolsey. The cardinal, wishing to have it as his own grave and monument, built a stately fabric, and intended that his own body should lie there, and that over his narrow bed there should be erected a mass of "white and black marble, with eight brazen columns around it, and four others in the shape of candlesticks," designed by Benedetto, a Florentine, with much carving and gilding—a thing never finished. Part of the work



THE ALBERT CHAPEL.
(From a photograph by Messrs. G. W. Wilson & Son, Alerleen.)

accomplished was sold by the Commonwealth Parliament in 1646, but the massive marble sarcophagus was finally used for a sailor, and not for a priest. It now holds the body of Admiral Lord Nelson, shot at the Battle of Trafalgar, and buried in the crypt of St. Paul's Cathedral in London. The fine building has under it a crypt dug out of the chalk on which the whole Castle is built, arranged with stone shelves for the dead of the Royal Family.

Nearest the altar is the cenotaph to the Prince Consort. Another sarcophagus is the tomb of Prince Leopold, Duke of Albany, by Boehm, and the third is the grave of Prince Albert Victor, by Gilbert, whose rich ironwork and love of elaborate detail have enabled him to set off most worthily the repose and dignity of the recumbent figure of the young Prince who died on the eve of his marriage. An angel holds the Crown of Life over his head.

Floor and walls are rich with beautiful marbles, the windows are bright with blazoning of arms, and with the pictures of saints and warriors. Venetian mosaics give almost the same effect on the wall to the west. The whole is a splendid triumph of decoration, and the only criticism which may be made is whether the heads in white marble relief, and the graven subjects from the Bible on the walls, do not fleck too much with colourless intervals the otherwise harmonious hues of the interior (p. 81).

THE MIDDLE WARD.

Returning from the labyrinth of passages to the open air, and turning to the left, the Round Tower is just in front of us, and a short wall projects over the footway leading up the hill. That short wall used to be continued in an arch over the whole road, and marks the boundary of the Lower Ward, and the ancient outwork of the Keep. When we pass it we are in the ancient headquarters of the fortress, the Central Ward, whose vallum and rude outer rampart must have been guarded in prehistoric times by Britons who had no ambition to occupy with defences the extended circuit afterwards traced, and included in the works.

THE WINCHESTER TOWER (p. 85)

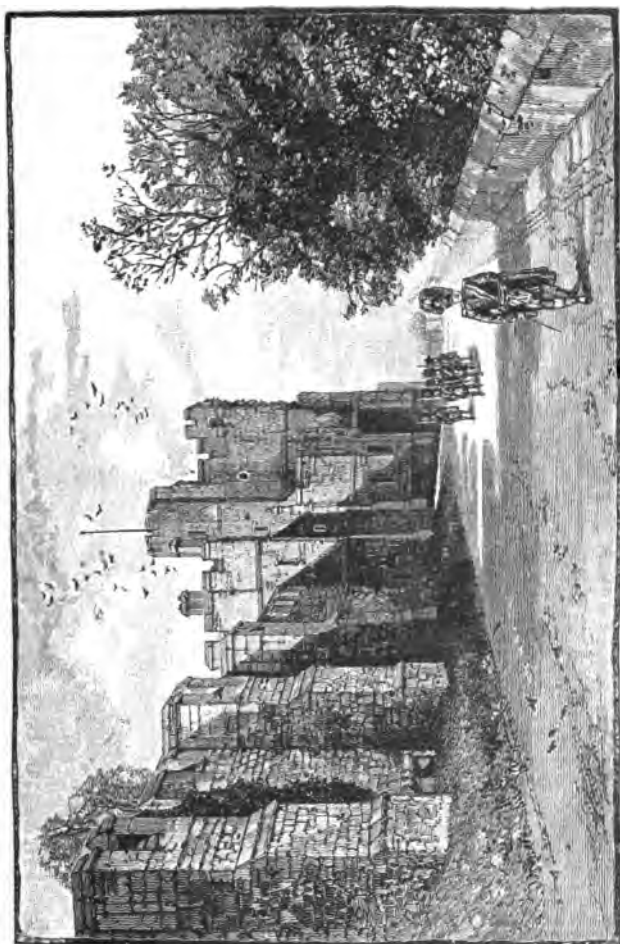
To the left and right of this demolished outer wall rise the Winchester and the Lieutenant's Towers, guarding the inner sanctuary of defence. The bishop-architect of Edward III., William of Wykeham, is said to have carved on the northern tower—"*Hoc fecit Wykeham.*" Tradition asserts that the king took this ill. "Wykeham made this. Does he mean to say that the building of my castle is owing to him?" and the bishop, unwilling to destroy his own influence, which he wished to build yet higher, answered, "No, my liege. This means not that Wykeham made the tower, but that the tower,

through your majesty's grace, made Wykeham." Later writers say that this is all nonsense, being only tradition, and we all know that tradition is nonsense unless it be written down by some old monk.

The alternative belief is that it owed its name to no more interesting circumstance than that the Bishops of Winchester were housed there during the ceremonials attending the entry into the Order of the Garter of a new knight, the See of Winchester having the right to have its bishop "the prelate of the Order." But Wykeham was a famous builder. He was commissioned to raise other notable castles, and it is recorded of him in regard to the works at Windsor, that "he employed men to bring glass wherever it could be found (in 1363), and to press glaziers to work at the king's wages, twenty-four to be conveyed to London to work there, and twelve at Windsor, to be employed in the Castle. A great number of other workmen were also pressed this year for the works, as well as carriages for stone and timber."

THE LIEUTENANT'S TOWER

opposite was always a more important work. There was formerly on the summit, as on the roof of others, a lofty watch tower, a feature that Wyatt, under George IV.'s direction, did not reproduce. It enfiladed with its fire the gateway and outer wall towards the chapel, and was the abode of the Deputy-Governor, and once, when the Duke of Northumberland was



1
NORTH TERRACE AND WINCHESTER TOWER.

Constable, of the Governor himself. From this important work the curtain-walls on the north of the Keep as far as the Upper Ward could be guarded. These curtains swept round the Keep's great ditch, and were themselves defended by the outer moat, and were traced in two great semicircles.

Following their course south about and leaving the Keep garden on the left, we see, facing us, the first tower of the Upper Ward—

THE DEVIL'S TOWER.

Rising from a vaulted fourteenth-century basement, where there is evidence of the presence of captives, it is most celebrated as the abode of James I. of Scotland, during the whole period of his detention at Windsor. Taken in a time of peace, when on his way to pay a visit as a youth to France, he was kept at Windsor by Henry IV. and Henry V. for eighteen years, growing to manhood and learning here all manly exercises. "I can teach him French as well as he can learn it in France," said the English king, glad of so useful a hostage, and he allowed James the liberty of hunting and attending himself—a freedom continued by Henry V., who liked the Scottish king and made him his companion when he went to Troyes to marry Princess Catherine of France. Harshly treated he was not, yet, as an exile, and debarred from filling his rightful throne, he justly considered himself wronged. His

uncle, the Duke of Albany, held all power in Scotland, and was not specially anxious that his nephew should return. At last, through the exertions of Sir Duncan Campbell, Albany's son-in-law, and others of the nobles not so nearly related, and rather in despite of than with the favour of Albany, the immense ransom of £40,000 was raised and paid, and James was set free to commence that sad but remarkable reign which ended in the bloody tragedy at Perth, where he was assassinated by a band headed by Athole, Stuart, and Graham. Too impetuous to delay on what he thought the path of duty, too honest to be crafty in his measures of reform, too enlightened to tolerate the rude and almost savage ways of many of his nobles, and too brave to fear their displeasure, he fell a victim to plots of vengeance hatched by detected felons and titled murderers.

At Windsor he must have dreamed of what he might accomplish if once set free. It was from one of the windows of the tower that he first saw Lady Joan Beaufort walking in the moated garden at the foot of the mound of the Keep (p. 91), and thus he wrote of his captivity and love:—

“The long days and the nights eke
I would bewail my fortune in this wise,
For which again distress, comfort to seek,
My custom was on mornings to arise
Early as day. O happy exercise!
By thee came I to joy out of torment;
But now to purpose of my first intent.

- "Bewailing in my chamber thus alone,
Despairing of all joy and remedy,
Foretired of my thought, and woe-begone,
And to the window 'gan I walk on high
To see the world and folk that went forebye,
As for the time, as though of mirth's food
Might I have more, to look it did me good.
- "Now was there made, fast by the tower's wall
A garden fair, and in the corners set
An arbour green, with wandès long and small
Railed about, and so with treès set
Was all the place, and hawthorn hedges knit,
That life was none, walking there forebye
That might within scarce any wight espy.
- "So thick the boughs, and the leavès green,
Beshaded all the alleys that there were,
And 'midst every arbour might be seen
The sharp, green, sweet junipere
Growing so fair, with branches here and there,
That, as it seemèd to a life without,
The boughs spread the arbour all about.
- "And on the small green twisties sat
The little sweet nightingale, and song
So loud and clear the ymphis consecrate
Of love his use, now soft, now loud among
That all the gardens and the walls rung
Right of their song.
-
- "And therewith cast I down my eyes again,
Where as I saw walking under the tower
Full saintly, new coming her to pleyne [pleas:
The fairest of the freshest youngest flower
That e'er I saw, methought, before that hour,
For which sudden abate, anon astart
The blood of all my body to my heart."

And when the lady's figure disappeared behind one of the arbours, he wrote :—

“To see her past, and follow I nae might,
Methought the day was turnèd into night.”

And so he continued loving and grieving :—

“For which, as though I could no better wyle
I took a book to read upon a while ;
My eyes began to smart for studying,
My book I shut, and at my head it laid.”

Until the eighteen years were past and Joan Beaufort, King Henry's cousin, became his queen, he lived in that tower. Then he went to “dree his weird” in the North, little thinking of that last scene of all, when his wife was wounded in his defence, and when, before the rebels could enter, the Queen's lady, Catharine Douglas, had her arm broken in attempting to gain a few moments that the king might conceal himself. The bar for the staple had been treacherously withdrawn, and she placed her slender arm to serve as a bar, with a heroism of which a Scots ballad sings :—

“If all were good as are the few,
The world were richer, rarer ;
A lady true and brave I knew,
Of noble name the bearer !
Were men all brave, and women true,
The world would be the fairer.

“Our first King James, whose youth was spent
With England's king, his warden,

Persuaded Love to pitch a tent
Within a prison garden ;
Love better bow than England's bent
For James and Freedom's guerdon.

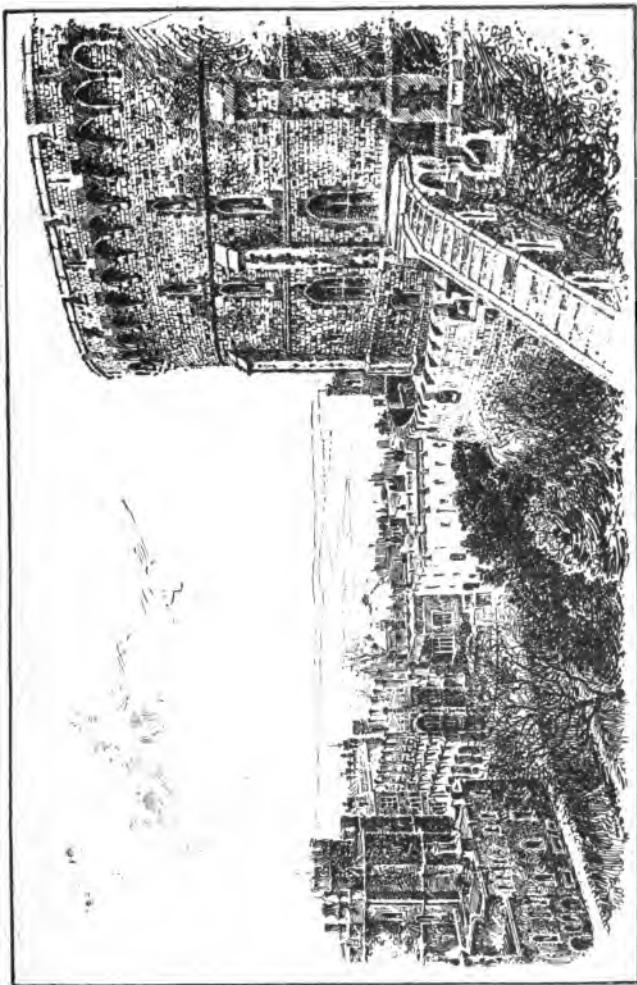
"A lady nigh to England's king,
Joan Beaufort, Jamie wedded :
King Henry made our nobles bring
For James a ransom dreaded,
For till Love showed a golden wing,
He swore they stood indebted !

"But Love, who took our Prince's part,
In showers of gold descended :
A captive thus won captor's heart,
Thus durance days were ended ;
And Scotland's palace, kirk, and mart,
In joy their voices blended.

"O grace and worth were hand and glove,
And wisdom ne'er went roaming,
When our dear King, with his dear love,
To all men's joy came homing ;
We dreamed, with him and England's Dove
That day could have no gloaming !

"To women and to men how dear,
Our King in armour prancing !
How deft he was to throw the spear
Or set the bow-string twanging !
On horseback he had ne'er a peer
His sword beside him hanging.

"Oh ! justice gives a crown to man,
And mercy gilds it rarely,
And kindly our good King began
Until men tried him sairly ;
'Neath sword and axe their blood then ran,
'Till he was loved but barely



THE ROUND TOWER FROM THE KING OF SCOTLAND'S LODGING.

"Still through sad years, fierce growing Hate
Around his glory gathered :
He could with no dishonour mate,
Nor be by vassal tethered ;
To Perth, before his lodging's gate,
The storm rolled undiscovered !

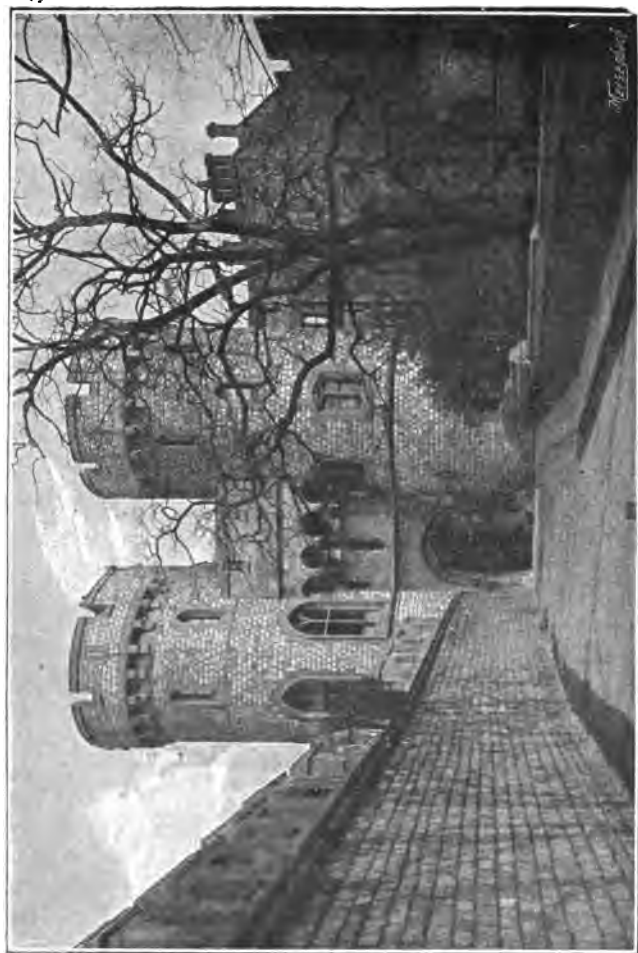
"Then, sudden clang of arms, and roar,
Broke up the Court's gay meeting ;
The murderers knocked ! all hope was o'er,
The ladies they kept greeting,
Save Catharine Douglas at the door,
Her true heart proudly beating.

"The bolt was gone, by traitor's ta'en—
How could her hands replace it ?
An instant—and her arm has lain
Across the door to brace it !
A shriek ! the white limb's broke in twain !
Ah ! how could woman face it ?

"O, Catharine Douglas bears a name
That gives to Death denial,
No murderers' doom of pain and flame
Atones by torture's trial
For Jamie's blood, and Scotland's shame,
While sun can light the Dial !

"But she who through rough staple placed
Her arm so fair and tender,
Hell's memories has half effaced !
Their prayers should all men render
For Catharine Douglas, brave and chaste,
That God His peace may send her."

The younger Henry (V.), who released King James for the heavy ransom paid, was the first husband of that queen who, as a widow, married the wild



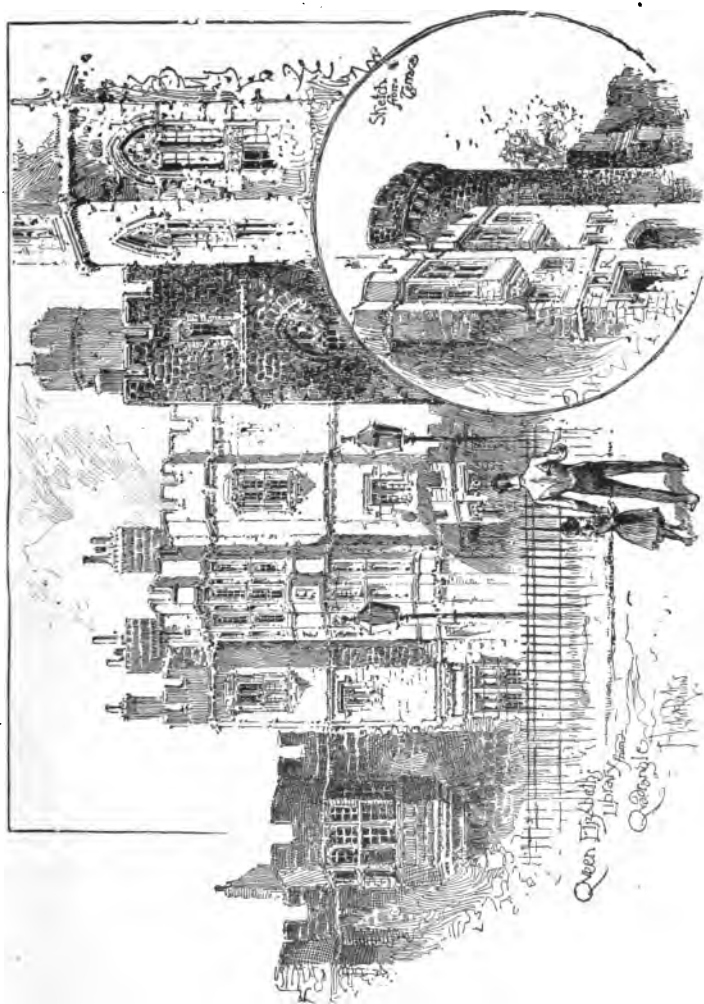
NORMAN GATE.

Welshman, Owen Tudor, who could scarce speak English, but was the ancestor of those under whose reigns the English language was first spread beyond the seas.

Now leaving the tower so associated with King James, go back along the moat of the Keep, and look at the narrow garden, still bright in summer with flowers, and the blossoms of fruit trees, and keeping to the parapet wall that surrounds it, walk to the Norman gate, where a portcullis still remains in the masonry over the massive archway.

THE NORMAN TOWER AND GATEWAY (p. 93)

is, with the exception of the front facing the town, the least altered of any portion. Though prisoners of more importance were confined in other places, they left no such traces as have those who were here detained. It was chiefly during the Cromwellian wars that the chambers above the archway were used as "dungeons." The gate guard could always watch them. The rooms were pleasant enough, when compared to some of the holes into which men were thrust. At Alnwick, for example, close to the gateway is a hole in the ground faced with masonry, which has a narrow orifice at the top, and increases in size as the depth becomes greater, so that the space for prisoners is shaped like a lime-kiln, or like an ancient bell, so that none could escape, and none could see a glimpse of daylight. Again, at Naworth Castle,



QUEEN ELIZABETH'S LIBRARY. SKETCH FROM THE NORTH TERRACE.

the prison, though not so dismal, is at the gate, and there is a communication between it and the rooms of the Lord of the Castle, a circumstance that gave Sir Walter Scott the idea of describing such a dungeon as existing at Inveraray, in his "Legend of Montrose." At Edinburgh Castle, those about to be executed were confined in a room similar to that in the Norman Tower, the portcullis itself when drawn up forming a "grille," or barrier, in the apartment, through which the guard could see the prisoners. The Royalists held in the Norman Tower by the Parliament were allowed to amuse themselves by cutting their names on the walls, and a curious medley of signatures and of coats-of-arms illustrates the dulness endured by the gallant men fresh from the campaigns they so bravely and, it must be added, so badly conducted.

The buildings on the left, after passing the gateway, are those now containing the library, but it will be best first to turn to the left through the narrow passage that leads down to

THE NORTH TERRACE (pp. 85, 95),

chiefly built by Queen Elizabeth. She dwelt in the library-rooms (p. 85), then the Royal dwelling-rooms, looking over towards Eton. She liked to descend and take her exercise, when she could not hunt in the Park, on this fine terrace. Here we may think of her as telling Shakespeare, summoned to her



NORMAN GATE AND LIBRARY, FROM KING JOHN'S TOWER.

presence, that she wanted a new play carrying on the description of the character of Falstaff, and again, only a fortnight later, the poet, asking for an audience and announcing that he had the play ready for Her Grace's approval.

Pym says that the Queen was very fond of having plays acted, and spent great sums on having them "well mounted." There was a stage erected, probably in St. George's Hall, on which there was frequent acting. "For the actors a wardrobe was established, and for the stage scenes were painted. The Queen had also an orchestra, composed of trumpeters, luterers, harpers, singers, rebecks, vialls, sagbutts, *bagpipes*, mynstrels, doneflads, flutes. The charges for 3 plays performed before Her Majesty show payments of the officers, taylors, and painters for making scenes of divers cities and towns, and the Emperor's palace and other devices, as well as money paid to carvers, mercers for sarsnet and other stuff, and lynendrapers for canvas to cover the towns withal, and other provision for a Play; and for a maske a rock for the 9 Muses to sing on, with a vayne of sarsnet drawn up and down upon them. There were charettes for the goddesses, and devices of the Heaven and clouds." So that more was done at Windsor to support by scenery the plays of Shakespeare than at the Globe Theatre he had in London, and he was doubtless able to direct here the artisans to provide whatever he called for. From

that North Terrace he must have retired from the Queen's presence, with a quick step and eager eyes, through the Lower Ward to the Garter Inn to perfect his schemes; and then with what a company he must have gone to see the preparations in the Hall, planning everything, ordering everything, and occasionally taking advantage of a talk with Bacon to get hints how to enact on the stage the great affairs of state, which often give the spur to the actions of his characters.

In our day another famous Queen has revived the custom of seeing the best English actors play their parts before her. But times differ, for now it takes only an hour instead of a day to go from London to Windsor, and it takes four months at least, instead of a fortnight, for a subject of Queen Victoria to write a good play!

Walk along to the east end of the esplanade before you return to the narrow stair, for the outline of the Castle towers is splendid, when viewed from the terrace; and it is here that Wyatt and later architects have achieved the greatest success in breaking up ugly masses into picturesqueness combined with stateliness, while the comfort of the interior was much enhanced. There was an immense barrack-like block before George IV.'s time, and after Elizabeth's, raised on this front, and by no means made beautiful by a great Garter ribbon and red cross painted on the masonry.

Looking over the parapet and past the crowns of the fine trees that shade the steep slope below, you see the Home Park where Elizabeth had the deer sometimes driven past her, and amused herself by shooting them with her cross-bow. There, too, is the river on which she loved to be rowed in her barge, and the pinnacles beyond of Eton College where she went in state to receive the elaborate poetical addresses of the students. On this broad footway let us think of her "spacious times," and people again her terrace with the figures clad in trunk-hose and tights, the graceful mantles and plumed caps worn by Raleigh, and Drake, and Howard, and Clinton, and Leicester, and Cecil. Here they are best grouped in fancy, for here they truly walked and talked, and the comedy of *The Merry Wives*, and the too real tragedy of *Fotheringay*, were discussed on this stage set with the beautiful scenery of the valley of the Thames.

KING JOHN'S TOWER (p. 101).

The place of King John of France's detention fronts you as you turn to the left on reascending the little stair to the Norman Gate. It is the angle nearest to the Round Tower, and he probably occupied rooms corresponding to those near it, and now called the Vandyke Gallery. Apart from the beauty or grandeur of a building, the human interest given to it by a knowledge of what passed within

is its greatest attraction. You will remember the occasion of the coming of the French captive.

John had so great a fear and dislike of Edward III. that he actually put to death the Count of Eu, who had visited the English king and had spoken well of him! When afterwards, on the field of Poitiers, he



KING JOHN'S TOWER.

had to surrender to Edward's son, he was brought with a great company of other prisoners to London, and then to Windsor, where he was permitted to hunt and hawk and take whatever other diversion he pleased. Walking with his conqueror and with King David II. of Scotland, who was also a prisoner, he is said to have told the English king that the Upper

Ward, into which some of his windows looked, was not fine enough for a regal abode. "Then shall the ransom of your majesties make it better," said Edward; and tradition asserts that it was from the money so got that many of the improvements were made. Poor King John lived to see what had been done, for the whole amount asked was not to be got, and, true to his knightly honour, he came back from France to "render himself," and died in the Savoy, in London.

INTERIOR OF THE CASTLE, NORTH SIDE.

The interior of the group of rooms extending from the north side of the Norman Gate to the angle at which the red-coated porters await visitors, now devoted to a very fine library, is not always shown. But for those who have leave, a most interesting collection of medals, illuminated manuscripts, ancient bindings, and Oriental miniatures, is displayed. Handsome Elizabethan chimney-pieces, on one of which the great Queen herself is represented, warm the north wall (p. 105). The windows on the other, embayed in presses full of well-arranged literature, look out towards that far-off church, the spire of which is easily recognised through a glass, where Gray wrote his immortal "Elegy." One little room is that in which Queen Anne was sitting when Marlborough's despatch announcing the victory of Blenheim was brought to her (p. 103).

Where the library ends is the first of a set of



THE LIBRARY: QUEEN ANNE'S ROOM.

splendid apartments, used only by the public, and the greatest sovereigns. Paintings by Zuccarelli, who, at his best, is always most pleasing, are hung over cabinets containing very beautiful porcelain. Onwards, on the north side, room after room can be most profitably examined, for the pictures are of particular interest, either on account of their history or their art. Formerly the Sovereign's family lived in this part of the Castle. Now they live on the southern side of the Upper Ward, where dwelt in other days the great officers of state.

The Czar of Russia, who met such a dreadful death at St. Petersburg through the explosion of bombs thrown by Nihilists, was lodged here during his last visit to England, his faithful Cossacks keeping watch in an adjoining room. The man who had freed the serfs, and done more for reform of government than any of his predecessors, was doomed to be never without the haunting dread of assassination.

It is well to pursue your way along the north side, passing through the audience chamber until you reach the grand drawing-room (p. 111). The audience room has a throne and canopy (p. 109), and there the Queen has often received embassies of state, who advance up the whole length of the apartment making their obeisance to the Sovereign seated under the canopy. Installations of the various Orders of chivalry have generally taken place here, while the dining-room is used as a reception room after any



THE LIBRARY : QUEEN ELIZABETH'S GALLERY

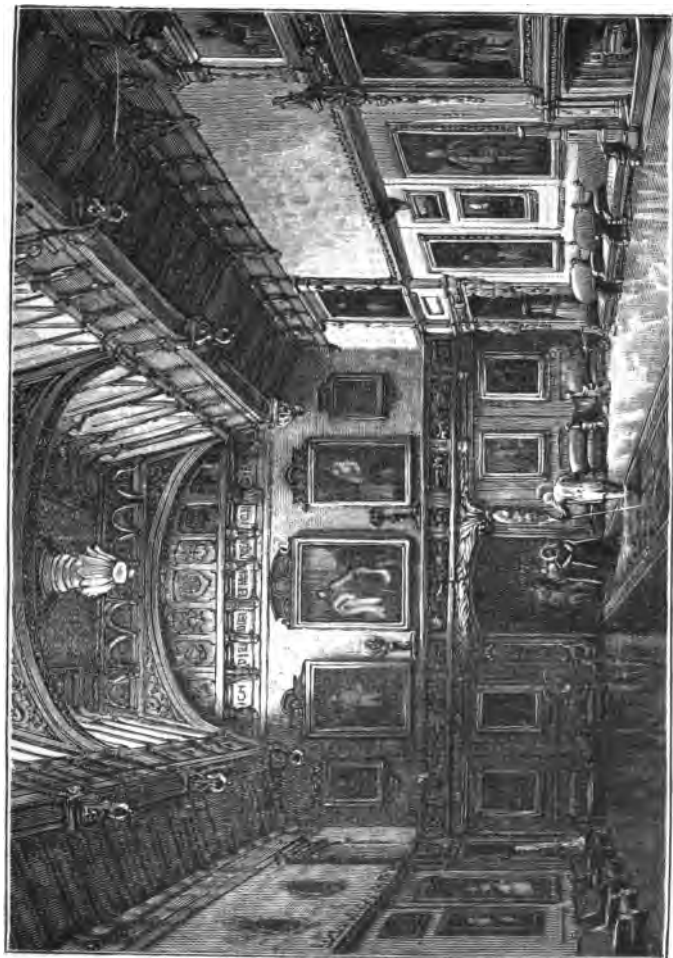
great affair of State. The tapestries of the story of Esther most worthily ornament the walls. Turning through part of this large room, return by

THE WATERLOO GALLERY (p. 107),

which is built over a court-yard, formerly open to the air, between St. George's Hall and the north rooms. The pictures are all portraits of men distinguished as soldiers or as statesmen at the time of the end of the last great war with France. There, high above one of the fireplaces, is "Brunswick's fated chieftain," who fell himself at Waterloo, and whose father had died in battle also fighting the French. The "Iron Duke" of Wellington is well painted, but the figure gives the idea of a man far taller than was Wellington. He and Nelson were both slight men, of no commanding stature. Here the modern "masques" and plays are given, the stage stretching across the western end. The neighbouring rooms are used by the actors as "green-rooms;" and with the auditorium filled with seats on a raised platform, and the intervening space between them and the orchestra (in case of an opera being given) or stage filled with flowers and palms, the grim memories of Waterloo give place to more attractive if to less glorious recollections.

HALL AND STAIRCASE.

Another small court has been built over for the stair, which is not successful in its effect. In the hall

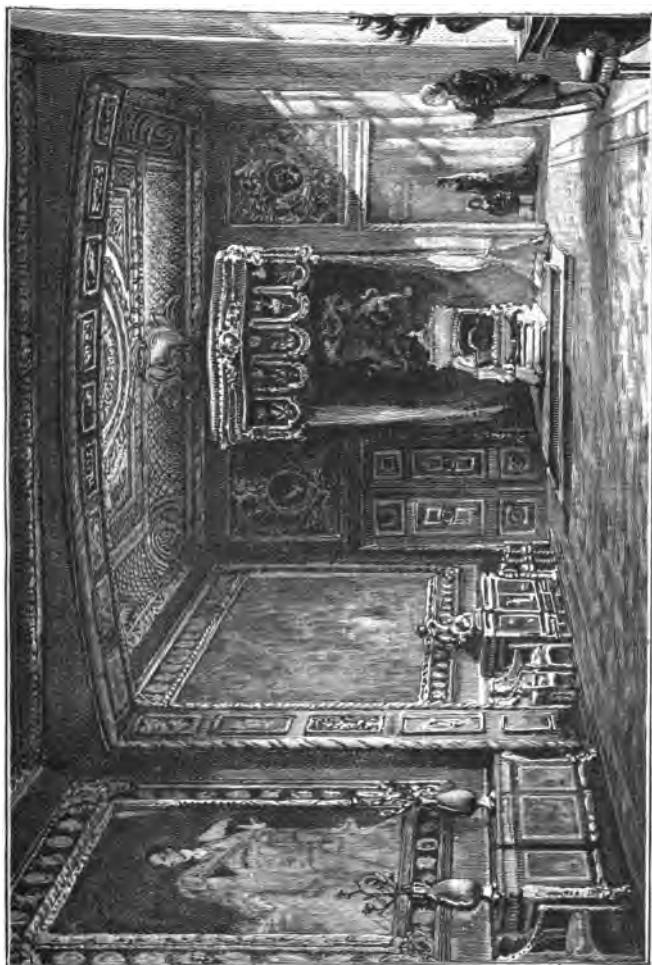


THE WATERLOO GALLERY.

or vestibule of the Waterloo Gallery are massed nearly the whole of the bulky presents received by Queen Victoria at the time of her Jubilee on the completion of fifty years of rule. The articles are all precious, because they are loyal offerings from those who gave their best, though they may not all be of equal worth in the eyes of men accustomed to see great intrinsic value shaped in beauty. The fine mats of the islanders of the Western Pacific may not seem precious, yet they are amongst the choicest wares of the natives, because their women toil for a year in making one. What is notable in the collection is the vastness of the Empire from which most of the gifts come. There is hardly any region of the earth that has not contributed something. Many have given what cannot here be shown—gems and jewels and stones, magnificent in colour, brilliancy, and setting. Everyone will be interested in the silver models of the war-ships, one, alas!—the *Victoria*—now lying at the bottom of the Mediterranean Sea. See also Gilbert's fine piece of plate, a present from the Army.

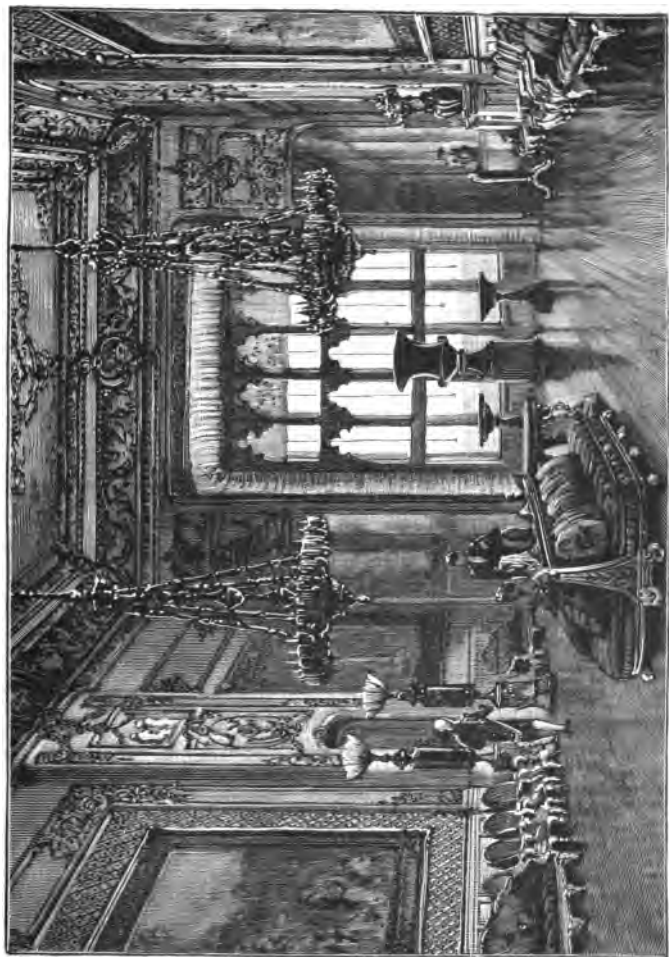
GRAND STAIR, LOWER HALL, AND STATE ENTRANCE.

If you have been admitted by the Grand Entrance, you have seen a part of the most perfect work of Edward III. in the roof which supports the crypt-like Lower Hall (p. 113). The entry arch and the covered carriage shelter are modern (p. 115). It was at



THE AUDIENCE ROOM.

this entrance that Queen Victoria received the late Emperor of the French when he and the Empress Eugénie paid their first visit as sovereigns to England. Prince Albert, the Prince of Wales, and Prince Alfred stood with her Majesty that April evening in 1855 when the imperial guests arrived. The Emperor had been invited to the Guildhall to receive an address from the Lord Mayor and Corporation of London. The townspeople at Windsor had cheered him heartily as, with a Life Guard escort, he drove up the hill. On the day after his arrival a review was held in his honour in the Park. "It lasted about two hours. The troops made a sorry appearance in point of numbers, but then," wrote the newspapers, "the Emperor would remember that they were the same manner of men who, at Balaclava, clove through the dense masses of the Russian cavalry. The Emperor was most eulogistic. The next day the Order of the Garter was given to him. It was noticed that, on entering the Grand Presence Chamber, the ordinarily impassive Emperor was struck with the splendour of the scene that awaited him. On the throne, clad in her splendid robes of state and resplendent with jewels, sat the Queen, and near her the Empress of the French, dressed in nearly equal magnificence. The Court ladies stood around in brilliant costumes, and long rows of the knights in their state robes gave a solemn finish to the picture. The Emperor paused for a moment, then advanced, exhibiting considerable



GRAND RECEPTION ROOM.

emotion, as the ceremonial was being performed. At the conclusion he would have kissed Her Majesty's hand, but the Queen, as is the custom between sovereigns, kissed him on both cheeks when she had given the accolade. It may here be mentioned that Her Majesty had similarly honoured him on his Imperial Majesty's arrival." In the evening there was a State banquet in St. George's Hall. What the Emperor said of his sentiments towards England, and its Queen, gave great satisfaction to the Londoners, whom he addressed in answer to the address given to him in the City:—"I am deeply grateful to your Queen for affording me this solemn opportunity of expressing to you my own sentiments and those of France, of which I am the interpreter. I have retained on the throne the same sentiments of sympathy and esteem for the English people that I professed as an exile, while I enjoyed here the hospitality of your country. And if I have acted in accordance with my convictions, it is that the interests of the nation which has chosen me, no less than those of universal civilisation, have made it a duty. Indeed, England and France are naturally united on all the great questions of politics and of human progress that agitate the world, from the shores of the Atlantic to those of the Mediterranean, from the Baltic to the Black Sea, from the desire to abolish slavery to the hope of amelioration for all the countries of Europe. I see in the moral, as in the



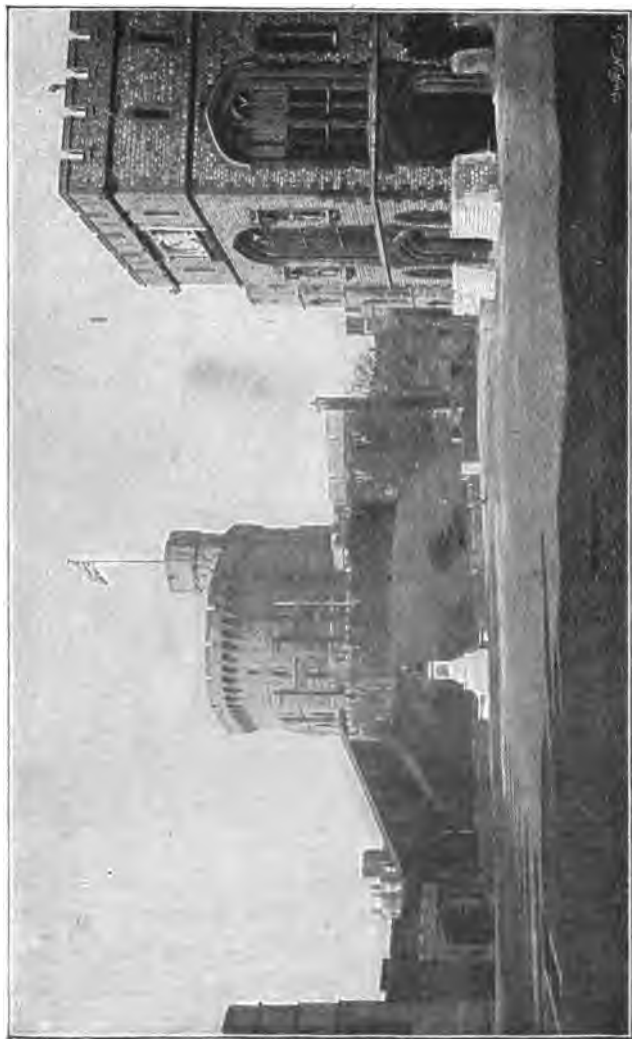
GRAND ENTRANCE HALL TO THE CASTLE.

political world, that there are two nations, but with one course and one end. It is then only by narrow considerations and pitiful rivalries that our union can be dissevered. If we follow thus the dictates of common-sense alone, we shall be sure of the future. . . . The eyes of all who suffer rise instinctively to the West, because our two nations are even more powerful from the opinions that they represent than from their armies and their fleets."

The only occurrence which caused unfavourable remark among the French during the London visit, was said to be the fact that the head of the French police had had his pocket picked by an expert Londoner!

CHARLES II.'S DINING-ROOM.

Close to the head of the Grand Stair is the dining-room of Charles II., now hung with French Gobelin's tapestry panels, and having a transparency of George II. above the fireplace. But the ceiling and cornice paintings remain as in his time, and they allow one to see an example of Verrio's style. He painted very many of the ceilings, beginning in 1676. "The King's Dining-room, a Banquet of the Gods, £250," is the item relating to this chamber in the account of moneys paid to him. Evelyn thought "his invention admirable, his ordnance full and flowing, antique, and heroical—his figures move." Note the fish and the game painted on the cornice. Under these decorations King Charles was wont to



ROUND TOWER AND GRAND ENTRANCE, FROM THE QUADRANGLE.

give his little dinners when Nell Gwynn came over from Burford House, the place he had given to her.

He had determined to make Windsor his own residence. Many persons had obtained leave to cultivate parts of the moat as gardens. These permissions were all revised and most of them were cancelled. He undertook the restoration of much that was defaced or injured by the neglect of repairs during the Commonwealth. Severe on other men, and lax himself, he dismissed Lord Mordaunt from the Governorship on account of alleged malpractices and put Prince Rupert in his place. Political plots against him were suspected. "Four ruffians were appointed to go to Windsor and there to assassinate his royal person," three Irishmen and an English Catholic being accused as being "hired to execute that execrable crime."

The king's equestrian statue, where he is dressed as a Roman, was placed in the Upper Ward, and the avenue now called the Long Walk was planted. A huge water-pumping machine, invented by Sir Sam. Newlands, was tried in the meadow below the terrace, to the great satisfaction of Charles, for it daily forced up vast quantities of water into the Castle cisterns. Horse races were run before him. The King of Bantam arrived and was well received and bantam cocks came into fashion. A match at cock-fighting took place in 1685 (the year of the attempt made by Monmouth and Argyll to upset the

Government), and this cock-fighting went on for that whole week. But this was one of the last of the topics spoken of in this room of Charles II., and his successor, James, had only four years of power.



STEEL SHIELD EMBOSSED AND INLAID IN GOLD AND SILVER BY CELLINI.

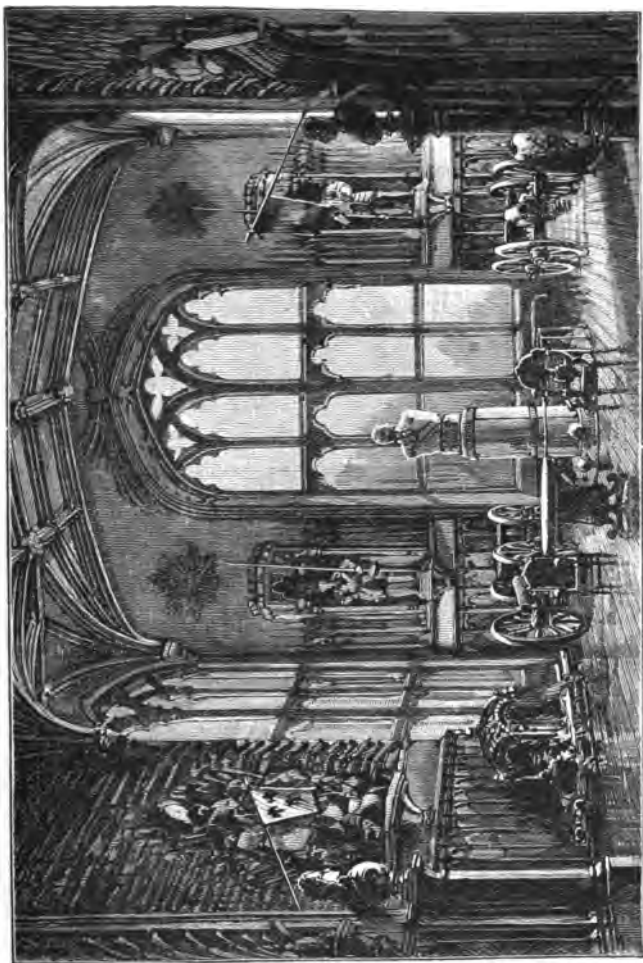
George II. used to dine in public in this room, and later it was used as it now is—as a show-room—and the state bed of Queen Anne was exhibited in the recess which is now pierced by the door leading to the library. Some of Grinling Gibbons's beautiful

wood-carving is to be seen on the walls. His fruit and flowers are executed in very high relief, and he must have had able pupils, for there is more of such carving than could have been accomplished by one pair of hands.

THE GUARD ROOM, OR ARMOURY (p. 119),

reached by traversing the hall and passing under the arched passage facing the marble statue of the Queen by Boehm, is a most interesting room, from the very fine collection of arms and warlike relics arranged within it. The space has been greatly improved by Wyatt, who threw out the tower which contains large windows and has underneath it the covered arch for carriages, for the convenience of the guests who are allowed to ascend the Great Stair. The vaulting on which the floor rests is of Edward III.'s time.

The most precious object here is the shield under a glass shade above the fireplace (p. 117). This is the work of art fashioned by Benvenuto Cellini for Francis I. of France, and given by him to Henry VIII. on the "Field of the Cloth of Gold." Francis gave in this piece of ornamental armour a masterpiece which marks the highest point of Italian metal-work. In relief are the battle scenes which Cellini, as good a soldier as he was an artist, loved to portray. His genius is better shown in this shield than in the altar candelabra so famous in the sacristy of the Vatican. He lived at Fontainebleau and Paris,



THE GUARD ROOM, OR ARMOURY.

while he designed and wrought for Francis, being employed in casting cannon as well as in perfecting such delicate work as this. It is remarkable that pieces of the artillery cast in the French foundries under the Italian's direction were taken to Italy by Francis and lost in the rout at Pavia. Removed thence by Bourbon, they were employed against Rome, the walls of which, notably the Castle of St. Angelo, were defended by Cellini, so that balls from the guns he had cast were thrown against him.

On brackets in the wall above are the suits of plate armour of the two captive sovereigns whose ransom was used to improve the Upper Ward—King John II. of France and King David II. of Scotland. David's suit has the thistle in gold on the steel. His armour has been in the English castle ever since that disastrous day in October, 1346, when, at Beaurepair, or Nevill's Cross, near Durham, the Scots army was defeated owing to the superiority of the English archers, who from 20,000 bows poured in a rain of arrows to which no reply could be given. The ground was too enclosed for the cavalry charges to be effective, and yet the young king fought on and on through hours of slaughter.

Tytler describes the closing scene of the battle. David, grievously wounded by two arrows, one of which pierced deep, and could not be extracted without great agony, continued to resist and encourage the few that were left around him. An English

knight, named Copland, at last broke in upon him, and after a hard struggle, in which two of his teeth were knocked out by the king's dagger, succeeded in overpowering and disarming him. He was conveyed to the Tower amid a guard of 20,000 men-at-arms, and was mounted on a tall black charger, so that he could be seen of all the people.

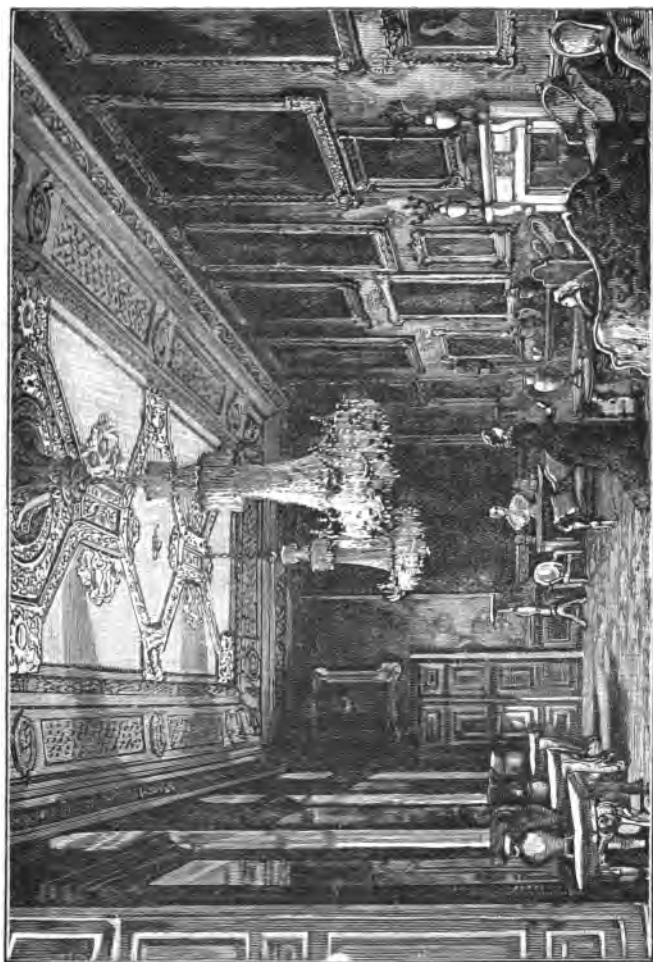
At Windsor David was allowed equal freedom with the King of France, and resided there while desperate wars made a desert of the Border countries. His armour and 90,000 marks, a tremendous ransom, remained with the English when at last the king returned to the North, to end, in 1371, a life that he had made more pleasant for himself than for his country.

Other trophies of war are piled in gleaming masses, and at the place where the old wall was broken through to afford more light, above busts of Marlborough and Wellington, are the tricolor flags given each year by these dukes' representatives; for on this tenure of gift they hold their domains, granted by a grateful nation. And there in the centre of the light of the great windows, as centred in the glory of our history, is the bust of Nelson on the fitting pedestal of a portion of the mast of his flagship, the *Victory*, bored through by a French cannon shot that left the ragged hole darkened as though encircled with the powder of the conflict. Below, note a specimen of the bar-shot fired during

the battle into the admiral's vessel. There are Indian guns elaborately ornamented, but these are the chief objects, and we pass into the

QUEEN'S OLD PRESENCE CHAMBER AND OLD AUDIENCE
CHAMBER,

two fine halls to the right, still painted as of old by Verrio and now further adorned with more of the French tapestry, their rich but harmonious colouring giving the noblest decoration. There is a remarkable cabinet with finely chased brass, almost worth its weight in gold. The picture over the door, a full-length of Queen Mary Stuart, is most interesting. She is represented as she was during her last months of life, and in the background is the ghastly scene of her execution. There, in a black-draped hall, the poor kneeling figure has received the first blow of the headsman's axe, and a stream of blood pours from the wound. It is unfortunate that this picture, however grim, is placed so high. The controversy still raging over that sad end and its justification will never cease while the story is discussed. The latest evidence with regard to the papers at Hatfield tends to show that Cecil forged the letters purporting to have been written by Mary. The water-mark on the paper is the same as on that used by the English accuser. The handwriting, though like Mary's, is more crabbed, and it is impossible to believe that in such intimate



THE VANDYKE ROOM.

correspondence she would have employed any but her ordinary somewhat careless writing.

VANDYKE ROOM (p. 123).

Some of the Vandykes (now all collected in the old Ball-room) were in the rooms now tapestried. It is a marvel how many portraits were painted by this great artist in a comparatively short time. He was not very long in England, nor very long at Genoa, and yet the galleries in Italy and here are seldom wanting in some of his fine paintings. He was the first man to group naturally several subjects in one canvas. There is no stiffness about his pictures. An easy dignity and distinction marks everything he performed. The studies of Charles I., whether sitting "high on horse," or more minutely delineated in the three heads in one canvas, represent him as no other sovereign has been portrayed. The face with its dignity and grace makes one understand why all men liked him, until—they were deceived. But if it be hard to understand how that charming presence could be guilty of deception, it is in a certain weakness of purpose which may be discerned in the expression. Perhaps "more sinned against than sinning," is the thought that crosses the mind while gazing at his features.

Look at the portrait of Vandyke by himself, almost in profile. There you understand the refinement of the hand guided by that intelligence, and

the chin and jaw show something of the set purpose for labour that could accomplish so much work.

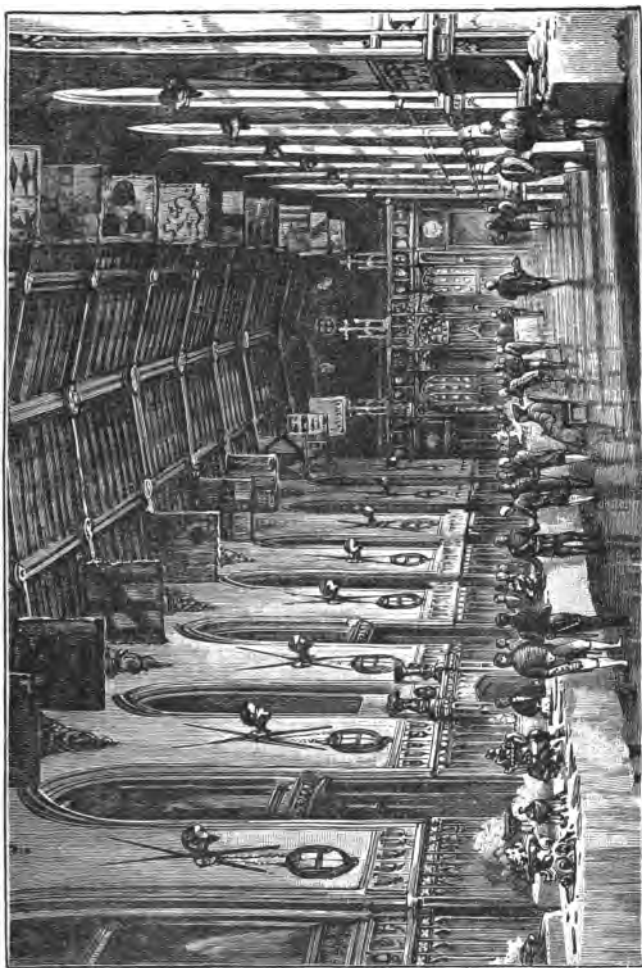
In Queen Henrietta Maria he seems to present the very woman, quick, kindly, elegant, but not of the nature to breed great men. When she was married to Charles, in 1625, Villiers, Duke of Buckingham, went to bring her to England, and he is said to have "had for the occasion seven rich suits embroidered and laced with silver; besides one of rich white satin uncut velvet, set all over with diamonds, of the value of £80,000; also a sword, girdle, hatband and spurs, with diamonds. Another rich suit of purple satin embroidered all over with rich Orient pearls, of the value of £20,000. He was attended by 20 privy gentlemen, seven grooms of his chamber, thirty chief yeomen, and 2 master cooks: of his own servants for the household 25 second cooks, 14 yeomen of the 2d rank; seventeen grooms to them; 45 labourer selleters belonging to the kitchen, 12 pages, with 3 suits apiece; 24 footmen with 3 rich suits, and 2 rich coats apiece; 6 huntsmen, two rich suits, 12 grooms, 6 riders, and 8 others to attend the stables. Three rich velvet coaches inside, and without gold lace all over. Eight horses to each coach, and 6 coachmen richly suited: 22 watermen in sky-coloured taffeta, all gilded with anchors. Besides these, 1 marquis, 6 earls, many gentlemen of distinguished rank, and 24 knights. The whole train that went to France amounted to

nearly 700 persons!" The Queen effected, we are told, "great changes in the fashions of the day;" and so did the King--each in their own way!

ST. GEORGE'S HALL (p. 127)

wears again the aspect of a gallery of the Norman time, and its restoration has been done with taste, and aptly, for the space occupied by it was in the reigns of Norman kings the feast-hall of the Upper Ward. There was another hall in the Lower Ward which in altered form still remains, near the Bell Tower; but it was insignificant in comparison to this long gallery, erected on the vaulted basements of the Edwards. The seventeenth century saw it remodelled in its interior, and Verrio's flying and flitting angels here, as elsewhere, whirled in chaotic allegory around the heads of kings enthroned on thunder-clouds. In the beginning of this century the ceilings were removed and the timber roof shown, full-length portraits were placed along the wall formerly bounding the old "Horn" and another open court, and the shields of the Knights of the Garter were blazoned on the woodwork on the southern side on the roof.

The great banquets held here in honour of foreign sovereigns, or for other reasons of state, are well set out in this place, where so many guests can be seated at the long table extending from one end to the other, and laden with the gilded plate of which there is a



ST GEORGE'S HALL.

very fine collection. The silver is, however, all modern. Wars and troubles made the old English plate disappear into the melting-pot. In Russia there is a quantity of English plate given by English to Russian sovereigns, which we may now envy.

Brilliant as the effect of the massive trophies is when shown under hundreds of candles or the electric light, I have heard an Indian prince declare that his people could make a better show—"Our plate at Lahore was gold—real gold—not silver-gilt!"

The company assembles in the white-and-gold drawing-room and, entering St. George's Hall, files in long procession to occupy the seats, to reach which half of them have to make a round as distant as the course for a classic race. Soldiers of the Household Cavalry, in helmets and cuirasses, stand motionless at intervals along the hall, and the gold-covered figures of the pages, the scarlet of the footmen serving the dishes along the endless white table with its load of plate and fruit, the military band in the balcony gallery, the masses of flowers, the bright uniforms, and the sparkle of the ladies' diamonds, constitute a long avenue of colour and a scene which we need not be ashamed to show as a type of British welcome to representatives of foreign Powers.

Such visits are proofs of the goodwill and respect of strangers for England, on account of England's greatness gained in the glorious history of her present

as well as of her past ; and it is fit that her acknowledgment of their courtesy should be sealed in the hall that was built by the most daring of her soldier-kings, and should be no niggardly display, but one recalling in dignity and hospitality the traditions of a nation which until of late has never shrunk from her responsibilities, nor feared to stretch forth her hand either to strike a blow or to give generous reception to an ally. In State ceremonial the health of the monarch in whose country the assembly takes place is first given ; but, if the Queen be present, she herself gives the health of her guest, who replies by a return of the courtesy. These speeches are never long. Brevity is the soul of State cordiality, as well as of private wit.

THE PRIVATE CHAPEL

is at the east end of St. George's Hall. It is not specially interesting. Of late a fine figure, though small in scale, by Dalou, has been placed here to commemorate the deaths of infant children of the Royal Family, and bronze bas-reliefs of Dean Stanley and of Dean Wellesley have been let into the panelling.

PASSAGE PORTRAIT CHAMBER.

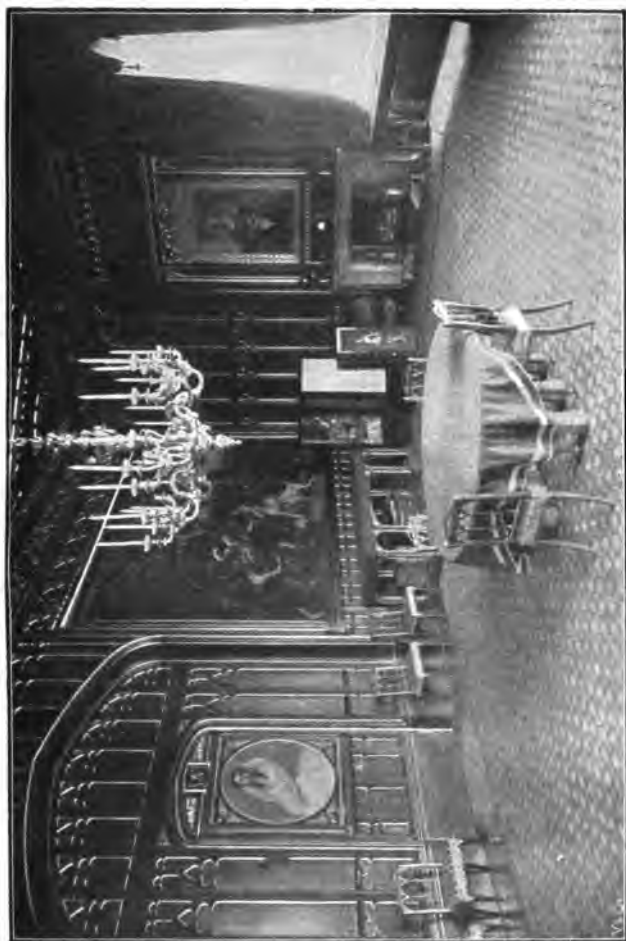
The passage chamber between the chapel and the Upper Ward wall has a collection of singular interest, being chiefly portraits of the sovereigns and other famous persons since Henry VII.'s time. There is

a little picture showing Darnley as a singularly "gawky" youth clad in black. Note the picture of Anne Boleyn and that of her cruel consort. Before leaving the northern side, look out into the Upper Ward, and you will realise some of the changes made by Wyatt.

THE UPPER WARD

was, like the Lower Ward, grassed over, and gravel roads intersected the plots, which were railed round. The buildings were narrow, being often but one set of rooms deep, with no communicating corridor, each room being itself a passage to the next. They were at places mere partitions of a belt of double "curtain" walling, joining together the lofty square towers. The very inconvenience of such habitations led to their abandonment, and George III. first began to introduce comfort. His son—a greater adept in the arts of comfort, and having, moreover, excellent taste—resolved to do much more. Wyatt was called in, and he advised that along the whole space from St. George's Hall around the east side, and along the whole of the south, a wide corridor should be made on the first floor to communicate with the reception- and drawing-room. This was a length of at least 520 feet. Underneath the corridor he proposed to have small rooms for offices and servants and for household use.

"Oh, but that will make the ward look too small!" it was objected. "No," said Wyatt, "I'll make it look



THE OAK DINING-ROOM.

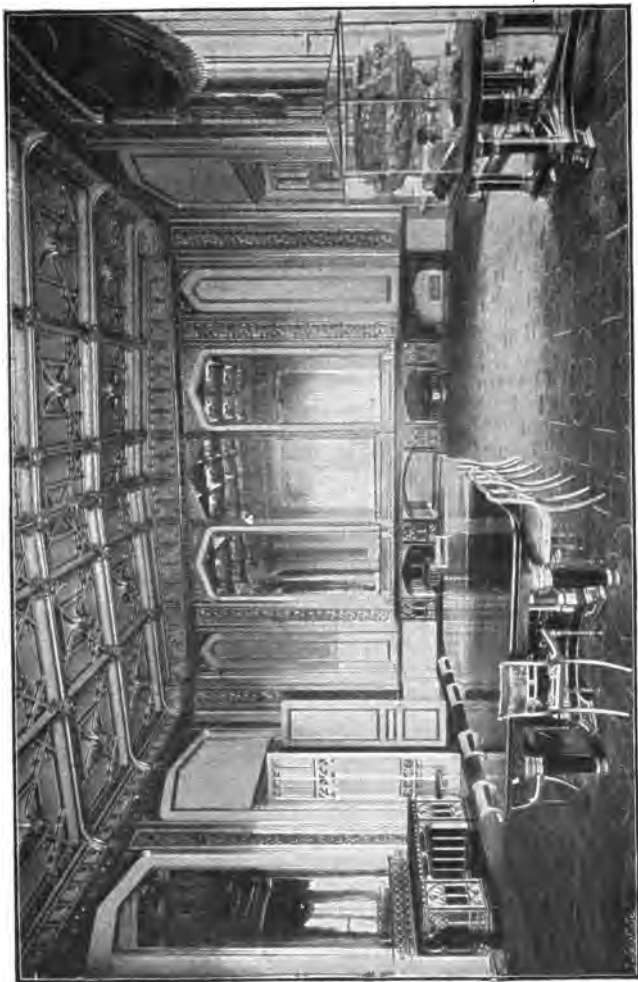
as large as ever." And this he effected by abolishing the grass plots. The wide area of gravel made the smaller space seem as large as the greater, intersected as it formerly was. It is the case familiar to all of a furnished and an unfurnished room. Until you get the furniture in, you never know how small the room is. The grass plots furnished the space to the eye, and made it seem smaller than it appeared without them.

Just opposite the east end of St. George's Hall in the south-east corner, this corridor is further enlarged so as to give what is given in the case of the guard-room or armoury—namely, a guard-chamber above a covered carriage-way. This is

THE QUEEN'S DINING-ROOM,

and below is the door always used by her when she drives out. The open carriage with the favourite grey horses, the outrider on another, wait for her Majesty there. You see that the gateway leading out is nearly in the south centre of the Ward. This is a new gateway, for the older one was a little to the right, and has mouldings about the corner-stones, now half-buried in the serving-rooms of the newer structure, that show the characteristics of the fourteenth century.

In the centre of the Ward was an ornamental fountain with crown-like overwork. This was taken away, as was also the "brass" Charles II. on horseback,



THE STATE DINING-ROOM.

so that the whole space should look larger and be a good parade ground for troops. One of the prettiest parades ever seen there was one that took place on the fiftieth anniversary of the Queen's reign. The old tiltyard, that had known so many gallant tourneys and so many guards of honour and regimental parades, was then filled by the Eton boys, who, in well-drilled array, marched past after dark, each boy bearing a torch. One of the movements they executed formed a Union Jack in living lines of fire, while the smallest boys, unable to take part in the formal manœuvres of their elders, were allowed also a torch each, and spread themselves like fire-flies over the slope of the Round Tower. The beautiful spectacle ended with the lads ranking up in close array, and singing, with loyalty and fervour, and a power of lung trained on river and playing-fields, a grand song of devotion to their Queen. That sight was the most moving spectacle ever witnessed in that ancient arena.

GRAND CORRIDOR.

Through a stairwayed vestibule, in which there are pictures of the Queen, by Angeli, and two of recent fights—the one in South Africa, the other in Egypt—the grand corridor is reached (p. 135). Furniture, especially some wonderful buhl cabinets, precious porcelain, General Gordon's Bible, and very many pictures are to be noted. Among the



THE SOUTH-EAST CORRIDOR.

pictures remark the portraits of William Pitt, of Walter Scott, of Georgiana, Duchess of Devonshire, the friend of Charles Fox; then the numerous Canalettis, views not only of Venice, but also of Rome. A little picture near the Queen's dining-room, almost a miniature, represents Maria Theresa, habited as Queen of Hungary, swinging her sword to the four points of the compass in token of sovereignty, as she rides up the mound at Pesth. This ceremony is still practised by every new King of Hungary, and a wondrous sight it is. Dr. William Russell, the famous *Times* correspondent, told me, when we saw it together, that the effect of the swarms of gorgeously dressed Magyars filling the great place when the Emperor of Austria rode up the mound, crowned and robed, was richer in colour than was any Durbar assembly he had witnessed in India. There is a curious picture of the Mall, in London, by Hogarth.

Among the pictures of ceremonies, the best are those of the marriage of the Prince of Wales, the first council held by the Queen, when, as a girl of eighteen, she was summoned on the death of William IV. to preside at the Council to receive from her uncles and ministers the Oath of Allegiance. Lord Melbourne and the Duke of Wellington are admirably painted in this scene (p. 137).

From the dining-room (at the turn of the corridor) the Queen passes over a stone bridge above a stair to her own apartments. But after dinner she sits awhile



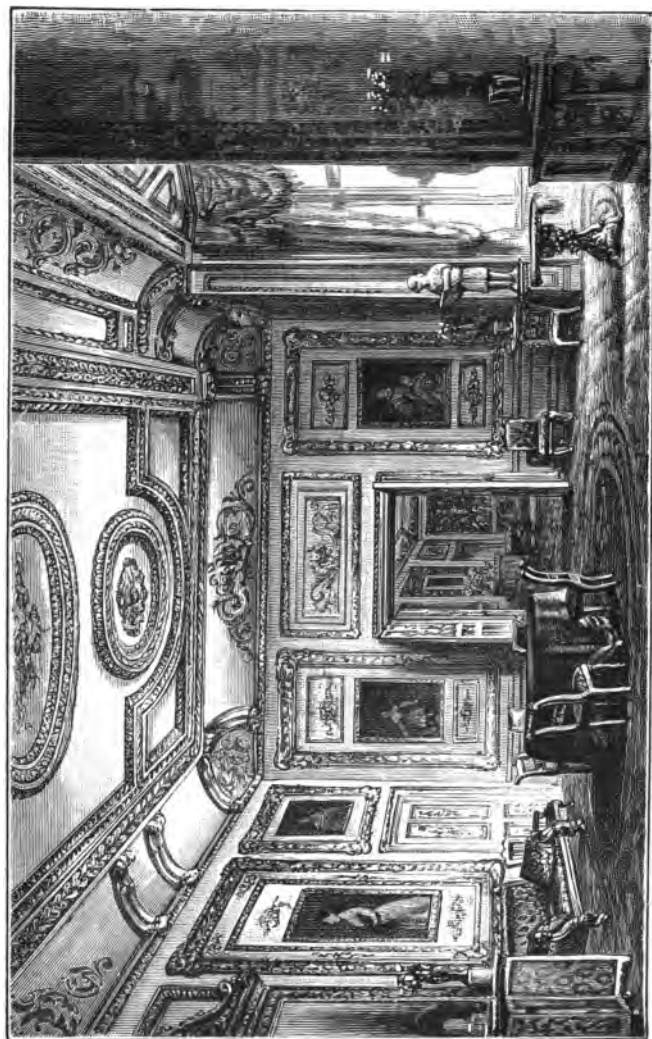
THE QUEEN'S FIRST COUNCIL.
(From the painting by Sir David Wilkie, R.A.)

always in the corridor, the dinner guests standing a little way off, and she speaks to those with whom she desires especially to confer as each stands before her in turn. Formerly the Queen left the room first with the Prince Consort, and went along the corridor to the large drawing-rooms adjoining the chapel, where music and dancing occupied the remainder of the evening.

The larger dinners are given in a room panelled in white and gold, looking out on to the East Terrace. In this larger dining-room also guests partake of supper after the dramatic entertainments. See, when you visit this large dining-room, a beautifully chased great "wine-cooler" of silver gilt, the finest piece of silver work at Windsor.

THE DRAWING-ROOMS

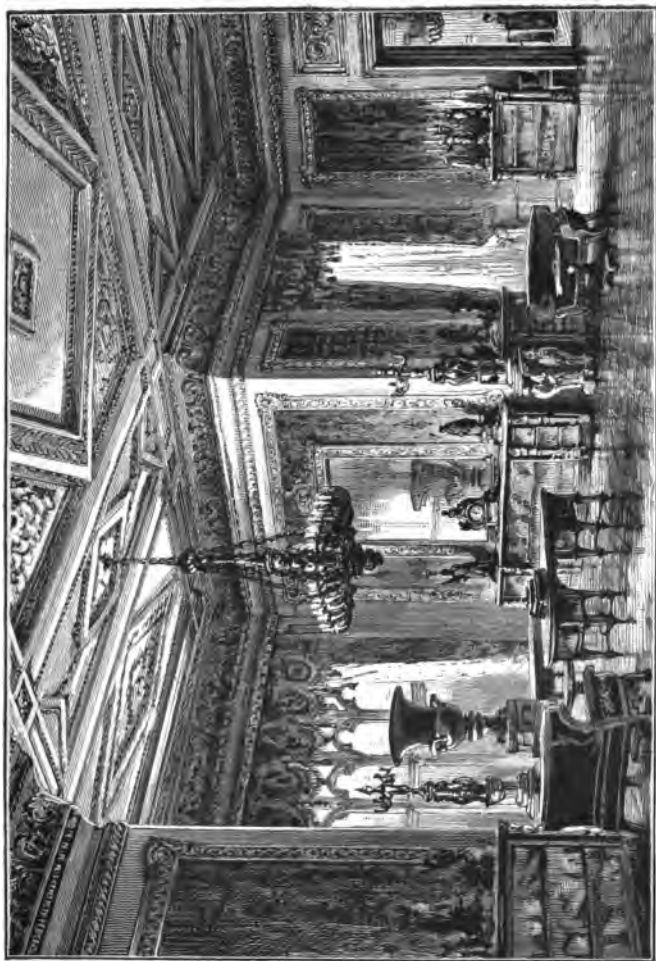
are handsome (pp. 139, 141, 143), but, except the cabinets of china and a good picture of Queen Charlotte by Gainsborough, have nothing that need detain you. The East Terrace, on which they look, is open on Sunday afternoons to the public, and is laid out in a formal flower garden with statues, vases, and fountains. It occupies the place of the old moat, which swept around all the buildings, and here alone perhaps its absence is not to be regretted. The other apartments along the east and south fronts are not shown, and they differ in little from those of many great English castles.



THE WHITE DRAWING-ROOM.

FIFTEENTH-CENTURY FURNITURE.

Louis of Bruges, Lord of Granthuse, paid a visit to Edward IV. when he was living at Windsor with the Queen, Elizabeth Woodville. "When the Lord of Granthuse came, my Lord Hastings received him, and led him to the far side of the quadrant to three chambers where the King was then with the Queen." These rooms are described as hung with cloth-of-gold. "After supper he was taken to the Queen's withdrawing-room, where she and some of her ladies were playing at the marteaux, and the rest at closheys of ivory. In the morning, when matins were done, the King heard in his own chapel our Lady Mass, which was most melodiously sung. When the mass was done, King Edward gave his guest a cup of gold garnished with pearl. In the midst of the cup was a great piece of unicorn's horn, and on the cover of the cup a great sapphire. Then the King came into the quadrant," in the little park. "The King bade him ride on his own horse, a right fair hobby. The dinner was ordained in the lodge in the Park. After dinner the King showed him his garden and vineyard of pleasure. Then the Queen did ordain a great banquet in her own apartments. And when they had supped, my Lady Elizabeth, the King's eldest daughter, danced with the Duke of Buckingham. The King, Queen, and divers ladies and gentlemen, conducted the guests to their rooms,



THE GREEN DRAWING-ROOM.

which were hung with white silk and linen cloth, and the floor was covered with carpets. The bed was of down, the sheets of Rennes cloth; the counterpane cloth of gold, furred with ermine; the tester and ceiler also of the same material; the curtains of white sarcenet; the head, suite, and pillows of the Queen's own ordering. In the second chamber was another state bed, all white; a couch, covered like a tent and a cupboard. In the third chamber was a bath, covered with white cloth. After the guest had taken his broth he was served with green ginger, divers syrups, comfits, and hippocrass. After taking his loving cup with the King he departed for Westminster."

Whether any of the old furniture remained in the days of George II. and George III. we do not know. In the time of George III. owners of old furniture had a habit of letting house-decorators take it away for whatever it was worth, to supply new beds, chairs, tables, etc., the only requisite being novelty. I knew one house where, in the 18th century, the owners cut out the heads and hands of good pictures that their own faces and hands might be inserted as an amusement. George III. liked Windsor, but thought the Castle uncomfortable, and did not care about old furniture. He built himself an ugly big house, now removed, opposite to the Lieutenant's Tower, and near where the stables now are. Here he lived very plainly, and much beloved, until his sad illness and blindness, when he resided at Kew.



THE CHIMSON DRAWING-ROOM.

Having now made the round of the Castle, before we approach its ark of safety, the Keep, let us look back again for a moment into the recollections which make this central fort most interesting.

THE ROUND TABLE.

The history, or "the mystery"—whichever be the name most agreeable to the believing or to the sceptical ear—of King Arthur, is connected with the romance of the Castle. "The Round Table"—that board at which the companions-in-arms of the great but shadowy king are said to have sat at meat, none being greater or preferred before his neighbours and peers—was a name that was revered at the Keep. There, too, the ancient legend was re-told, and a table like that of the great king was set forth. A remarkable tale this of Arthur and his knights, of the ring of heroes whose deeds and ceremonies and loves glitter down through the darkness of early ages to be prized and imitated in times nearer our own, and seen in the light of later monkish chronicle. But is not tradition itself entitled to credence, even though no monk happened to write it down, and the legends lived only in the oral speech of the people?

It is not in England only that Arthur stands a wondrous name. Among others than the Saxon races, among the Celts of Cornwall and the early settlements on the Clyde, and among the Western Highlands, tribes traced with pride their descent

from him, and believed in his virtues and heroism as much as they believed in the existence of their own fathers. The "mythic" king's prowess is commemorated as part of the romance of early times by all the great races inhabiting Britain. But it is to those who were here before Saxon, or Dane, or Norman trod our land, that the honour of kinship with him belongs. There is at Stirling a raised platform looking down on the place of tournament which is called the Round Table, just as here at Windsor the circular mound which dominated the fields outside the walls had probably the same appellation.

Wherever brotherhood in arms and loyalty to comradeship, and the virtues of valour and purity were held in praise, there memory reverted to that king who was the father of chivalry and the founder of knightly honour, and they called their places, their feasts, their contests after his glorious name. The Laureate of our day has placed in gracious verse the incidents of those days, as his fancy pictured them, and has given fresh life to the personages grouped around a monarch whose deeds must certainly not be held as fabulous. There is too great unanimity among too many witnesses of different blood as to his existence to justify us in putting him away among the things that might have been. The incidents of his career may have been enlarged, just as fable gathered round the lives of all men who have most stirred others to admiration or fear. But these additions

to his real existence are only the jewels of fancy wherewith the real man was clothed, or the flowers and ornaments that love gathered to decorate his lasting tomb. We cannot but acknowledge that great presence, although we may look at the man rather than at his sword Excalibur, or his lance Irone, or his shield, which his knights named Pridwen, whereon was painted an image of the Virgin. That shield, with their own, was lifted all in vain to ward off death in "that great battle of the West," when the monarch and the stately band around him went down at Kamblan, or Cambula, in Cornwall, and where, though Arthur killed Mordred, his enemy, upon the plain, yet, being sorely wounded, he survived him but a short time, and died in the year of our Lord 542.

So, too, in that early Saxon English capital, Winchester, a round table is preserved, said to be that at which the king sat; for the Normans took up the tradition of the great king which they found existing in England, and as Ashmole says quaintly, "the like round table grew into great estimation and request shortly after the Norman Conquest, and continued long with us, being ordinarily set up at the grand martial exercises, called *hastiludes*, tilts, or tournaments permitted by King Stephen, and much encouraged by King Richard I. (for the delight of men inclined to military actions, and increase of their skill in the management of arms), and for the same end and purpose as King Arthur made use of it, no

less than in memorial and remembrance that he had erected an order of knighthood denominated therefrom, those times being thoroughly persuaded of the truth of the story. . . . Besides, Roger Mortimer, Earl of March, held the celebration of the Round Table (consisting of one hundred knights and as many ladies) with tilting and tournaments, at Kenilworth Castle, in Warwickshire, in Edward I.'s time, and that King Edward III., having designed to restore this honour of the Round Table, held a joust at Windsor and began his Round Table, and this meeting occasioned the foundation of the most noble Order of the Garter." So in the central fort at Windsor, as in the vale of Winchester, and under the rock of Stirling, the places of knightly prowess are called after Arthur's order of chivalry, and the enchantment of a lost age of courtesy and brotherhood heightens the sentiment of wonder with which we look back upon the shadowy and saintly warrior-king whose legend is the glory of the several races who are united in English speech and in the honour of the British name.

THE ORDER OF THE GARTER.

We hear of a building called the Round Table, which was 200 feet in diameter. We are told also of the great circular tower being fitted up at one time with a table running around the interior wall, protected by substantial wooden roofing, also named by the phrase that had such a magic spell for mediæval England.

Perhaps the idea of a brotherhood of equal rank among themselves, made it best that at dinner none should have a higher or a lower place, and so, in a ring, they sat down to eat. Legend affirmed that it was not only at Caerleon that Arthur thus ranged his knights, but also at Windsor. To the mighty King of Britain there came, it was said, foreign knights of high renown to learn the code of the chivalry of England, and these also, during their sojourn, were admitted to the king's house and to the Brotherhood of the Round Table.

At Winchester and at Camelot the story also lingered, and the time of festival of the knightly order was at Whitsuntide. In this time of the celebration of the bond that united them, there was something also religious, some symbolism of that ancient fire- and sun-worship that made the circle of the god of the Druids, the Bel whose dedicatory fires were only wholly extinguished among the common people in remote places during the last century. The circle was a natural sign and badge, linking old faiths to newer practice. Essentially military, the tradition was bound up with the ideal of great deeds and the national pride in the belief of their accomplishment.

Such pride does not die with time, nor do the stories on which it is founded lose any of their wonder as they are repeated from age to age. So the Saxons and Normans took from the Britons the martial tale, and embellished it in their own way, and the thing

became like a bright thread woven into the strands of their existence. It was the romance in which all believed. And when, upon the arrival of the Normans, feasting was held in less repute, and the nobler life of sobriety and of the homage to woman came as the best of the gifts of the conquerors, the old romance still flourished, and Arthur was to each as to Tennyson in our day, "mine own ideal knight."

Edward of Windsor can have been no stranger to the story of his British predecessor. A sign that could bring such memories would be dear to every soldier. If it fell in with some other thought, which could prove devotion to a lady-love, so much the more would it be esteemed.

There was another tale, and one that came from England's Eastern war—namely, that by the mediation of St. George, to whom, as the saintly slayer of the dragon, prayer had been made, the siege of Cyprus and Acre had succeeded. The volunteers for the storming of the fortress had, by accident or otherwise, tied their legs round with a band like a garter, so that this had become a badge among them. Were a lady to drop her garter, and such to be found, what more likely than that the romances so joined to such a symbol should make it at once a badge of love and of war?

The popular belief was that Edward III. found the Countess of Salisbury's garter, picked it up, saw the smiles of his companions, and said, "*Honi soit qui*

mal y pense," and declared that it, reminding him at once of present love and old romance, should be a sign for England's chivalry. So do things happen to win a significance, not from one circumstance, but from many. We ourselves are often not wholly conscious of the mingling of the motives that induce our acceptance of our choice. Foreign orders of a purely military kind, as was this Order of the Garter, have had such significations given to them by common "bruit." Though stoutly denied both in this case as in the others, we need not regard the last incident that led to the institution of this bond of knighthood as more than the accident which perfected a resolve that had long matured, and was due in its inception to very different emotions.

Imitating the conduct of King Arthur, Edward, in 1344, invited many foreign knights, entertained them with jousts and displays of all manner of warlike exercise, cared for their comfort in this great circular building which he christened the Round Table, and made politic use of their coming by seeking to enlist them as allies. "By this symbol he assumed," says Ashmole, "he designed to bind the knights or fellows of it, severally unto one another, and all of them *jointly to himself as sovereign of the order*, and accordingly this did not only serve as a vehement incentive to honour and martial virtue, but also a golden bond of unity and internal society, it being most just that those whom equal virtue and fortitude

of mind had joined together, no fortune should separate or estrange." Moreover, Salmatheus notes "that in the binding of the leg with this ennobled ensign there was given this honourable caveat and exhortation—that the knights should not cowardly (by running away from battle) betray the valour and renown which is engrafted in constancy and magnanimity."

Fanciful all this, but is not much that is noblest with us bred of what "practical men" call fancy? If the English king invited foreigners to join the band of knights to influence them, the same mode of gaining influence was open to the other monarchs who had like orders of chivalry. "He sent his heralds to Germany, France, Italy, Burgundy, Scotland, Hainault, Flanders, and Brabant, assuring every one of safe conduct, and inviting them 'to the glorious solemnity.'" So they came, and were invested with the long blue mantle with the red cross on its left breast, and had the garter tied below the left knee, and hood and cap and surcoat over the armour, and the collars were all solemnly put on the new knights, the twenty-five who were first chosen. Then at Windsor they tourneyed and feasted, and went home well content.

The elaborate character of the ceremonial, as afterwards carried out, would be too lengthy to recite here. Sufficient is it to say that the installation of a new knight, who was a subject, involved a great cavalcade to Windsor, an offering in the chapel on

the eve of the installation, the supper on the eve, a procession to the Chapter House, many ceremonies there, the procession to the choir of the church, the offering there of gold and of silver, a grand dinner afterwards, ending with the setting up of the new knight's achievements. Surely, to suffer all this was even worse than to go through the ceremonies of a marriage!

The honour was so greatly esteemed abroad that when Sigismund, the Emperor of Germany, had been installed in 1416, at Windsor, he afterwards entered the City of Constance wearing, as he rode at the head of his cavalcade, the collar and other insignia of the Garter, wore these on all public occasions, thereby giving offence to those who disliked the English alliance. He had promised to give to St. George's Chapel the precious relic of the heart of the Saint, and the English King Henry, at the ceremony, had himself placed "about Sigismund's neck the royal sign. The Order was England's badge, dedicated to St. George, and it was in the Keep that the knights first met and ate together at the Round Table, in memory of the legendary order of the magic times of Arthur."

Our Queen is not the first lady who has worn the insignia of the Order. Beltz says that the origin of the custom of decorating ladies may be traced to the wish of the victorious knight after a tourney, to share his distinctions with the lady of his love. But the

admission of ladies was probably made for political reasons as well as for those of a personal kind. Queens were the heads of the Order, and as such wore its badges. Queen Philippa, in 1362, made an oblation during the high mass in St. George's Chapel on the day of the feast, and in 1358 messengers were despatched to invite the attendance of ladies at the festival of the Order. In an account which has been preserved of the year 1376, there is a charge for the issue of a long robe, together with a hood of cloth, of the colour of sanguine in grain, made in the fashion of those of the Knights of the Garter, for the king's daughter, the Countess of Bedford, to be worn by her at the then approaching feast.

Ladies are said to have also worn around the left arm, a little above the elbow, a garter of the same fashion as that worn by the knights, with the motto of the Order thereon. "Dames de la Fraternité de St. George" was the name given to them, and the habits were delivered to them annually, to be worn at the feast. The robes and hoods were "powdered" with "garters," but the number of the embroidered circlets was "differenced" according to the superiority of the titles and degrees of the ladies upon whom the privilege was conferred.

Let us review as shortly as possible "the solemn and sacred ceremony" of installation.

The offering of gold and silver was made after the grand procession had entered, and the Sovereign had

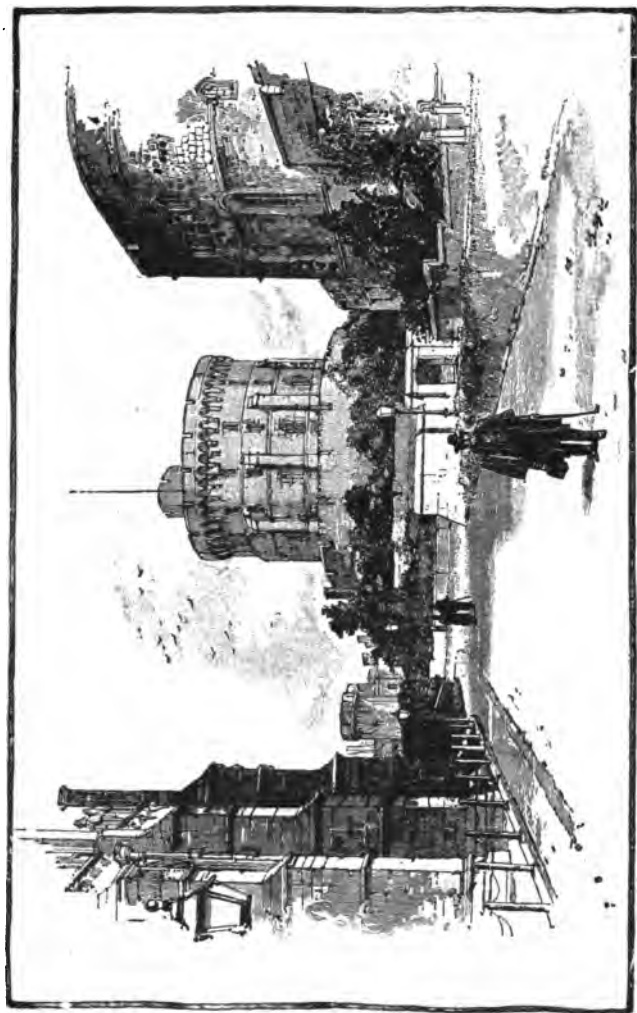
returned to his stall. "Let your light so shine before men," was recited by the Prelate. To the sound of organ music a groom and page, after making reverence, unrolled a carpet before the altar, and then stood on each side. The Alms, Knights, then Poursuivants, Heralds, and Provincial Kings of the Order ascend the daïs, and stand on each side. Then the Garter Herald waves his rod, after double obeisances, and the Knight Companions take their places each before his stall. Black Rod then, making double reverences in the middle of the choir, ascends to near the altar, from which he turns, and the Groom of the Wardrobe gives him a little carpet of silk or cloth of gold, which he lays on the Haut Pas towards the altar. Moreover, the groom holds a fair cushion of cloth of gold for the Sovereign to kneel upon, at the time of the Sovereign's offering. Note that each of these gentlemen kisses the cushion to prove that there is no poison in it. They make "assay" of it. The Sovereign then, his cushion being proved to be innocent of evil, arises from his seat, makes his reverence to the altar, then, descending to the Chapel floor, makes another bow, and "ascends" towards the altar, attended by Garter Herald, the Registrar, the Chancellor, the nobleman that bears the sword. The Knight Companion goes a little behind the Sovereign, who proceeds, the train of his robe being borne up, to the middle of the choir, where again he bows, and at the Haut Pas again. He that bears the Sovereign's

offering is the man of greatest rank or estate present, and he receives it from Black Rod, the Sovereign kneeling meanwhile, and taking the offering and delivering it to the Prelate. Then, rising, he goes to his stall, again making, at each place as before, the reverences towards the altar. After these exertions, "He reposeth himself," and looks on at the others of the Order as they perform their parts. "The two Provincial Kings," who seem to have been the two senior knights, have their turn, an intimation that they shall proceed being given to each by heralds who go to them and bow to them. While they offer, the Knights Companions kneel together on the Haut Pas. Their offerings are both of silver and gold, placed into two basins held by two prebends. They then rise and divide, and all making their appointed reverences as they retire, go back to their places escorted by heralds both in coming to the altar and in going from it. When all the Knights Companions have offered, the cushion is removed, the carpets are rolled up, and all proceed to the Presence Chamber, and "so to dinner," as Mr. Pepys says.

"Mensa splendida," "Regium epulum," "Epulum solenne," the provisions thereof most "costly and delicate," "completely royal," are some of the epithets that have been applied to the banquet, which was eaten after all manner of processions, and bowings, and salutations, and placing in rank at table had been gone through, the Sovereign having

his train borne as at other times, and having to wash his hands standing before he was allowed to sit down, earls and other peers holding basin, water-ewer, towels, etc., for his majesty's manual ablutions. Then at last the prelate says grace, and when that is quite finished, Sovereign and all sit down. Usually the Sovereign sat alone. In those days men sat on one side of the table only, probably a precautionary measure against any stabbing in the back, for the backs were placed against the wall, and any treachery could so be best guarded against.

When the Emperor came in the Middle Ages to visit England, "the Emperor kept the state"—that is, he sat at dinner in the middle, and the king on his right side, and a duke, a chancellor, and a bishop on his left. As soon as the Sovereign is sat down, the Knights Companions put on their caps and remain so covered. During the second course, the titles of the Sovereigns are proclaimed. This was much after the manner of the Highlanders in days long anterior, when the Sennachies, or bards, proclaimed at the feast the pedigrees which, in countries under patriarchal rule, formed the title whereon depended a chief's right to govern. If he was not patriarch, he had no power, and, therefore, by constant recitation of pedigree, men kept in mind his hereditary title to be chief. Of the vespers, supper, and other incidents, the details are again most laboriously entered by the chroniclers.



THE ROUND TOWER.

Life nowadays is too short for so much elaboration of deportment. But it is interesting to glance for a moment at the stately ways of days when men knew how to "make a reverence" and live with honour.

THE ROUND TOWER (pp. 115, 157).

The entrance is by a Gothic door in the Upper Ward side of the Norman Gate: a great grim grey stair, long as those that ascend to the halls of the vast pile of the Vatican. The covered passage climbs the mound, and is arched securely and narrowed here and there, then again widening until it lands you at the base of the Keep, where you find that you have in your ascent been under the murderous eye which is probably looking over the muzzle of a cannon. Its mouth projects from a narrow embrasure placed so that the stair may be swept with missiles (p. 159). There is nothing like a short smooth-bore for work at under one hundred yards! But who would storm up such a passage? Is not the slope outside less dangerous? The experiment has not been made in historical times. It is very possible that the British rampart and ditch thrown up in the chalk hill may have had its white excavations stained with the blood of enemies; but in those wars the monticule was probably lower and its form less perfect. Much was done by the Normans to make it more symmetrical and to strengthen the

chalk by masonry before the great weight of the tower was placed upon it. That weight was increased



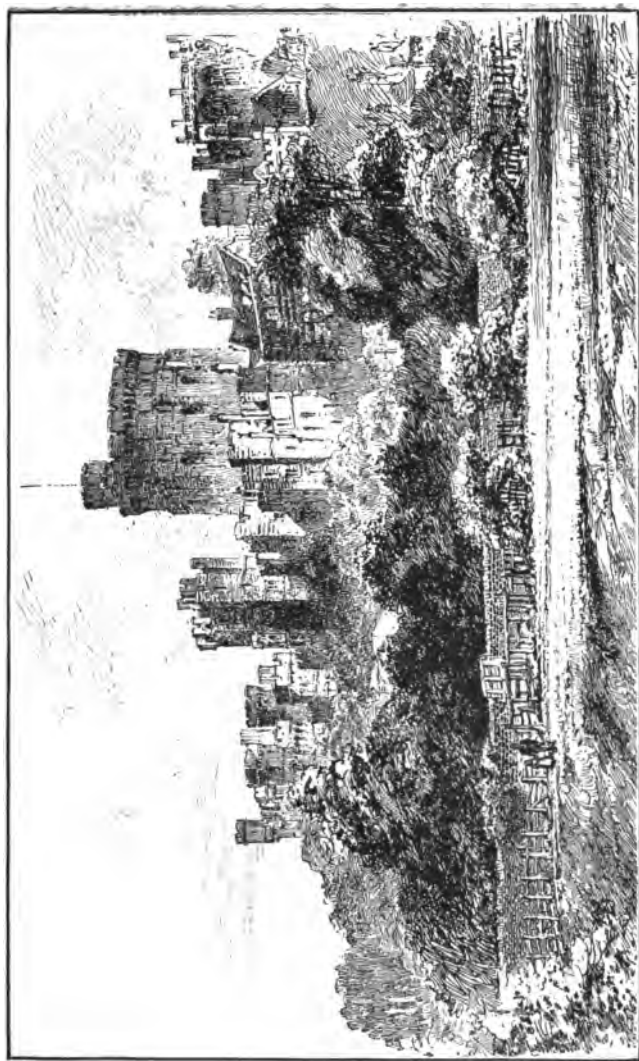
GUN COMMANDING THE STAIRS OF THE ROUND TOWER.

by Wyatt, who raised the walls and added the imposing machicolation and the Flag Tower. In the stairway, Prince Rupert placed many trophies of

arms; but the damp must have rusted them quickly unless they were constantly oiled. It was wiser to have them under better cover in heated spaces.

There have been Governors of the Castle ever since the days of the Conqueror; but Rupert's name is associated with the Round Tower as the Constable who made it most attractive as a residence, and adorned it most fittingly with ensigns of war. If Rupert never came in battle "but to conquer or to die," he never came in peace but to quit a place or to adorn it. The windows of the Keep were enlarged by him. There are two habitable floors, with an inner passage looking into the circular open space of the interior of the tower. This ought, as in other days, to be roofed over and made of use. The apartments are all used when the Castle is visited by any foreign Sovereign, or on any occasion that makes it necessary to entertain many. Even this accommodation does not suffice, and the large house at Frogmore has to be called on to billet a number.

A room with upright beams supporting part of the roof, to the left of the entrance, was that in which state prisoners of rank were confined. It was probably much altered when the practice of keeping captives here was discontinued. Another room on the other side of the entrance is remarkable as built over the well that ensured the garrison a plentiful supply of water. The existence of this well had been wholly forgotten, as we saw on an earlier



THE CASTLE FROM THE BERKSHIRE SHORE.

page. But the damp of the room was noticed, and no one could understand why it was damper than its neighbours. The floor was taken up, and there was seen a great stone, nearly round, and with iron handles let in to the top surface. The first attempt to lift this mysterious stone was only a partial success. It came up to the hoist given it, turned round, and disappeared down an apparently bottomless vertical shaft. Lights were got and it was seen lying 150 feet below, at the bottom of a pit, which had been carefully lined with masonry, until at a considerable distance below the masonry ceased, and the rest of the shaft had been bored through the chalk of which Windsor ridge is composed. The stone was recovered and carefully fixed, and the well is still there, its moisture prevented from doing harm by adequate planking above it, and its waters repose in peace in the dark white shaft near the level of the Thames.

The pictures of military costumes of the last century are interesting to military men; and interesting to all is a painting of an incident of the battle of Culloden. Cumberland specially prided himself on having taught his men how to fight the Highland charge made with target and broadsword. The instruction was that where possible, when his men were in line with bayonets at the charge, the thrust against the Highlander who attacked was not to be delivered by the man engaged, but by his

neighbour, who could "fix the swordsman from the unguarded side." This sounds more theoretic than practical, and in the picture it certainly looks as if each man of the regulars had enough to do even with the poor groups of devoted clansmen who made the attack on their disciplined party. At Culloden the weight of the Highlanders' charge was so broken by the musket fire from Cumberland's well-embattled line, and from the flank fire poured in from the park wall by the Argyllshire men, that the test of troops when only armed with flintlocks withstanding such charges was not seriously tried. The dress of the blue-bonneted Highlanders, each wearing the white cockade, in the remnant of a clan column which throws itself on the bayonets, is well given.

Cumberland's severity has been denied, but there is a very nasty order among those issued after the battle, commanding an officer to take troops to search the field, and "he and they are to remember that the rebels in their general orders of yesterday" (*i.e. before the conflict*) "were to give no quarter to the royal troops." What this memory of no quarter in *action* meant after the fight was over, it is easy enough to see. The Japanese have lately been held up to much stronger abuse for giving no quarter after the battle, although in their case they had found that the Chinese had tortured their soldiers in cold blood. Nevertheless, so great was the fury of civil war in Scotland, that a Scottish officer in Cumberland's army wrote:

"They say our Duke is too severe. I only wish he were 10 times more so." And in another letter fears are expressed that "the Pretender may fall into the hands of the regulars, who would save his life, which is not to be apprehended were he to fall into the power of our [*i.e.* Scots] militia." The guns that were lost in the Scots campaign at Falkirk and Preston were recovered, and are now at Windsor. They are four-pounders and six-pounders. Those arming the battery around the Keep are of later date.

Just under this battery, and partly built on the mound over against King John's Tower, there was a tennis-court, used by the Governor and sometimes graced by the presence of the Sovereigns of the Stuart family. These old courts were sometimes smaller than those at Hatfield and Hampton Court. At Falkland Palace there is one which has blind recessed small windows high in the wall. These held the ball when it was struck into them, but whether such a stroke gave an advantage or the reverse we do not know. Balls made of wood have been found, but the leather that must have covered them had vanished.

The rooms on the second floor are approached by a stair in a small hall containing some fairly painted full-length portraits, and in the Governor's room is one by Angeli of George, eighth Duke of Argyll. The Duke of Kent and the Prince Consort each held the office of Constable, the uniform of

which is the same as that of the Governor of the other royal fortress in London, namely the Tower.

During the last century the Governor was expected to look after certain interesting tributes to be paid to the king. A letter of 1752 says: "Mr. Paris intends to wait on me to tender 2 *Beaver skins* by which Mr. Penn holds the Province of Pennsylvania, and believes that tribute should be tendered here, as well as the two Indian arrows by which my Lord Baltimore holds the Province of Maryland under a grant from the Crown of the Castle of Windsor. As to the Indian arrows, they have been constantly tendered every Easter Tuesday, but the Beaver skins have never been tendered to me." In 1753, the "agent for the said Proprietarys" writes: "These 2 Beaver skins are herewith most humbly yielded and paid to His most gracious Majesty on the part of the Honble. Thomas Penn, and Richard Penn, Esquires, Proprietarys of the Province of Pennsylvania in America, pursuant to the Reservation contained in the Royal grant of the said Province."

There are thirteen acres of ground in Windsor Castle. These royal grants, for which tribute was to be paid, then covered about 130,000 square miles in America, a type of the relative size of "mother country" and of her colonies!

The heightening of the walls has added greatly to the beauty of the Keep, which had formerly much the relative proportion to the rest of the Castle that

the keep at Arundel shows. Tradition says that when it was called the Rose Tower, its external appearance was brightened by painting. Bills for a vast amount of painting were at one time paid; and just as some of the fortalices in Italy are adorned with colour, so it is supposed that foreign artificers were employed to make gay the strong walls that surmounted the green slopes of the central mound.

SECRET PASSAGES.

Wherever the thick masonry of a feudal stronghold tells of towers of defence built by powerful lords, you will still find the peasantry recount their belief that there are secret passages, leading Lord knows where, from the interior of the Castle. Sometimes the information given is utterly vague. Sometimes, as at Doune, the castle near Stirling, built by James I. of Scotland's surly uncle Albany, the knowledge of these things is more precise, and one or two entrances from within have been followed, until the exit, in some overhanging bank, was traced. Often they are said to plunge down deep enough into the earth to let the subterranean corridor pass also under rivers. Heidelberg is said to possess many, although they do not go as far as the Neckar, but emerge, some in the town, some in the hillsides above the palace.

Is it true that at Windsor also such exist? Undoubtedly it is. The passages are dug from below

the basement of the older portions of the Castle in both of the great Wards, and cut through the chalk ; arched ways penetrate deep below where the dry ditch existed at the foot of the walls. They have not been touched, and probably have seldom been used since they were first hewn in the natural soft white rubble of this raised ocean-bed. And little did the men who hewed them think that they were quarrying through the remains of the immeasurable millions of minute creatures which fell through the sea to form its floor, and then to be raised from the deeps to support for the brief space covered by all our history, the home of the kings of the White Isle.

Through lines of dark flints bedded in the raised-up deposits of the prehistoric sea, the soldier-craftsmen dug, preparing these passages as means whereby escape could be made, or the outer ditch's wall be manned by reinforcements from the garrison, without the knowledge of those outside, whether friend or foe.

Where are these passages, and where do they lead ? That is a State secret. Suffice it to say that they would still form very useful depositories for mines, were any foe to seek to rush the old ramparts.

WINDSOR FOREST.

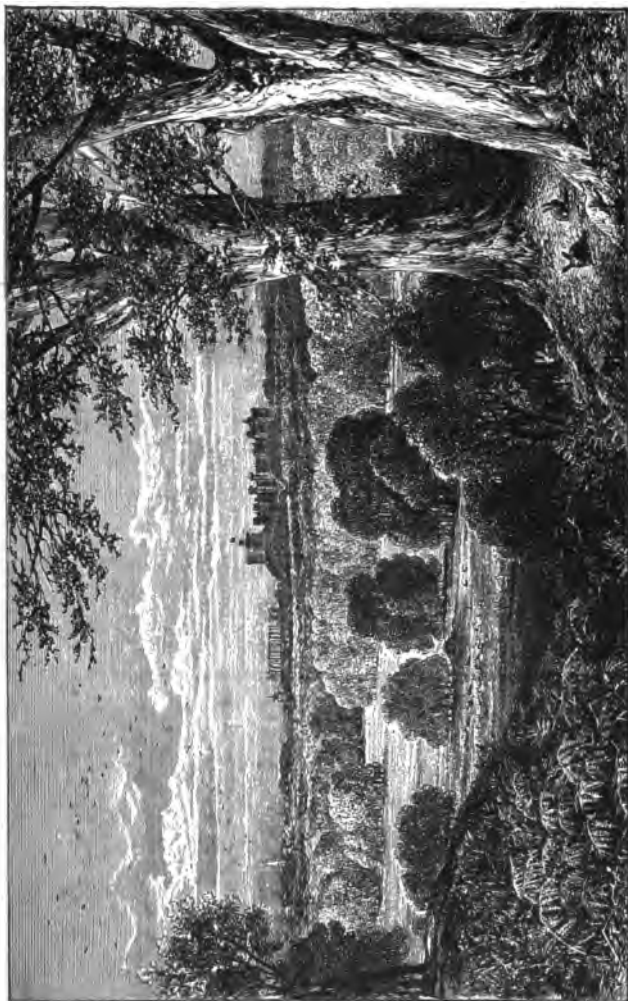
In 1592 an ancestor of the Duke of Teck, namely, the Duke of Würtemberg, visited Windsor, and his secretary wrote an account of the stay made here

in the form of a letter addressed to the traveller. "His Majesty appointed a respectable elderly English nobleman to attend on your Princely Grace, to show the Castle, and make the visit pleasant and merry with shooting and hunting the numerous herds of game, for there are 60 parks adjoining each other full of fallow deer and other game, which may be driven from one park to another, and thus one can enjoy splendid and royal sport! In the first park your Princely Grace shot a fallow deer through the thigh, and it was soon after captured by the dogs. In the next you hunted a stag a long time over a broad and pleasant plain. You shot it with an English cross-bow, and the hounds at length outwearied it. In the third you noosed a stag, but somewhat too quickly, for he was caught too soon. These three deer were presented to your P. G., and one of them was done justice to in the apartments of the French Ambassador."

The "rides," or walks, are improvements dating from Stuart times, and compensation was given to the town of Windsor for the loss of its common fields, now the "pleasaunce" of a larger public.

The pretty lake, called Virginia Water, and much of the wood of pine and beech, are ornaments added by the Guelphs. The victor of Culloden took counsel with the artist and surveyor, Paul Sandby, in landscape gardening, with good results.

Earlier in the last century the poet Pope lived



WINDSOR FOREST AND CASTLE FROM BISHOPSCOTE.

long within the bounds of the old forest, and in this century Shelley wrote descriptions of it which, though not especially good, have the clearness and some of the beauty of diction which all admire in his lines on "A Summer Evening Churchyard, Lechlade, Gloucestershire," and others of his poems.

There is in the Castle the picture of a poet who made history and adorned it with verse, namely, Henry Howard, Earl of Surrey. Holbein painted him dressed in a suit "pinched in with stays, a jerkin with its puckerings rendering the shoulders of exceptional breadth," as with ladies of the present fashion; "the shirt and ruffles of black and white lace; the cap of scarlet with a white feather. The body of the costume scarlet, as are also leggings, stockings and shoes. The sword of gilt with red leather scabbard; a chain of gold round the neck, and on the right side a dagger in a gilt case." In spite of Surrey's great services, his death gave another instance of the vengeful tyranny of Henry VIII. He, too, speaks of the charms of Windsor Forest.

Surrey writes of early joys, and bemoans his fate when he was a captive in the Norman Tower:—

"So cruel prison how could betide, alas !
As proud Windsor! where I in lust and joy
With a king's son my childish years did pass
— In greater feast than Priam's son in Troy ;

Where each sweet place returns a place full sour !
 The large green courts, where we were wont to hove,
 With eyes cast up unto the maidens' tower,
 And easy sighs such as folk draw in love.
 The stately seats, the ladies bright of hue,
 The dances short, long tales of great delight,
 With words and looks that tigers could but rue ;
 Where each of us did plead the other's right.
 The palm play, where, despoiled for the game
 With dazed eyes, oft we by gleams of love
 Have missed the ball and got sight of our dame,
 To bait her eyes that kept the leads above.
 The gravel ground, with sleeves tied on the helm,
 On foaming horse, with swords and friendly hearts,
 With cheer as though one should another whelm ;
 Where we have fought and chased oft with darts.
 The wild forest, the clothed holts with green,
 With reins ahaled, and swift y-breathed horse,
 With cry of hounds, and merry blasts between,
 Where we did chase the fearful hart of force " :

or, as we should express it now, "the timid stag with horse and hounds." The old expression "of force" still survives in German, where a "per force Jagd" is the description of a hunt with hounds.

Some of Pope's lines on Windsor Castle may be quoted :—

" Here, in full light the russet plains extend :
 There, wrapped in clouds the bluish hills ascend.
 E'en the wild heath displays her purple dyes,
 And midst the desert fruitful fields arise,
 That, crowned with tufted trees and springing corn,
 Like verdant isles, the sable waste adorn.

* * * *

See, from the brake the whirring pheasant springs,
 And mounts exulting on triumphant wings :

Short is his joy ; he feels the fiery wound,
 Flutters in blood, and panting, beats the ground.
 Ah, what avail his glossy varying dyes,
 His purple crest, and scarlet-circled eyes,
 The vivid green his shining plumes unfold,
 His painted wings, and breast that flames with gold ?

* * * *

In genial spring beneath the quivering shade,
 Where cooling vapours breathe along the mead,
 The patient fisher takes his silent stand
 Intent his angle trembling in his hand.

* * * *

The youth rush eager to the sylvan war,
 Swarm o'er the lawns, the forest walks surround,
 Rouse the fleet hart, and cheer the opening hound.

* * * *

Let old Arcadia boast her ample plain,
 The immortal huntress, and her virgin train ;
 Nor envy, Windsor ! since thy shades have seen
 As bright a goddess, and as chaste a queen ;
 Whose care, like hers, protects the sylvan reign,
 The earth's fair light and empress of the main [Anne !].

* * * *

Bear me, O bear me to sequestered scenes
 The bowery mazes, and surrounding greens ;
 To Thames's banks, which fragrant breezes fill,
 Or where ye Muses sport on Cooper's Hill.

* * * *

Here noble Surrey felt the sacred rage,
 Surrey, the Granville of a former age !
 Matchless his pen, victorious was his lance,
 Bold in the lists, and graceful in the dance :
 In the same shades the Cupids tuned his lyre,
 To the same notes of love and soft desire :
 Fair Geraldine, bright object of his vow,
 Then filled the groves, as heavenly Mira now."

He then recites history, and ends with a hope—

“O stretch thy reign, fair Peace, from shore to shore,
Till conquest cease, and slavery be no more ;
Till the freed Indians in their native groves
Reap their own fruits, and woo their sable loves,
Peru once more a race of kings behold,
And other Mexicos be roofed with gold.”

The road to the great camp at Aldershot branches off at the head of the Long Walk. On the way to Virginia Water there is the equestrian statue to the Prince Consort, a work by Boehm. The road to the right of the bronze statue of George III., at the end of the walk, leads through the park to Cranbourne Tower, where for a short time Princess Charlotte lived when she had fallen under the displeasure of her father, George IV.; but although grateful for the roads and avenues made by Sovereigns from Charles II. to George III., we shall enjoy most the woodland, where the great oaks and beech grow thickest to frame the view of the Castle, seen through boughs and across the fern-swathed slopes (p. 169).

Shelley's lines describe his impressions in wandering through the woods:—

“ More dark

And dark the shades accumulate—the oak,
Expanding its immense and knotted arms,
Embraces the light beech ; the pyramids
Of the tall cedar, over-arching, frame
Most solemn domes within, and far below,
Like clouds suspended in an emerald sky,
The ash and the acacia floating hang,
Tremulous and pale. Like restless serpents clothed

In rainbow and in fire, the parasites,
Starred with ten thousand blossoms, flow around
The gray trunks ; and as gamesome infants' eyes,
With gentle meanings, and most innocent wiles,
Fold their beams round the hearts of those that love,
These twine their tendrils with the wedded boughs,
Uniting their close union ; the woven leaves
Make network of the dark blue light of day,
And the night's noontide clearness mutable,
As shapes in the weird clouds. Soft mossy bowers
Beneath these canopies extend their swells,
Fragrant with perfumed herbs the darkest glen
Sends from its woods of musk rose twined with jasmine
A soul-dissolving odour to invite
To some more lovely mystery."

Through the glades of the forest and the oak-studded park there once rode at night a melancholy cavalcade. It was preceded by advance guards, who had flankers riding on each side, carefully examining the thickets as they passed. In the centre marched a compact body, and by the glimmer on helmet and breast-piece, and drawn swords, and the clank of bridle-chain and scabbards, they seemed a strong party of well-armed men. In their centre rode a prisoner. He had been brought from Bagshot, and then with every precaution through the forest, and was bound for Windsor. In silence he and his escort passed, the prisoner riding with dignity and with no fetters on hands or arms. It was King Charles I., still called King, and treated with outward ceremony of loyalty by the Roundhead officer with whom he went so unwillingly. Arrived at the Castle he was still

allowed to see friends and to write, but he was watched, and the messages he sent to his adherents were often sent by word of mouth only, and, if written, were on small pieces of paper. The handwriting was always most careful. A copy of one of these is appended here. When the King was removed for safer custody to the Isle of Wight, he was kept in no stricter ward than at Windsor until he attempted to escape, and then all communication with the outside world was denied to him.

Another scene. Another cavalcade cantering through the park. This time there is no armour to shine or sword to clank. It is no midnight ride, but a great bevy of ladies and gentlemen coming gaily along the fine old trees in bright sunshine. The gentlemen wore tall dark hats and close-fitting coats, and several are old-fashioned enough to wear their Orders. At the head of the whole party a graceful girlish figure, in riding habit and black round-topped hat, leads the way. There is a handsome man, wearing a short moustache and whiskers, looking with clear blue eyes at the lady. His seat is very erect. Just behind him rides another very good-looking man, much older, but with a careless hunting seat, and an expression of almost parental benevolence; he, too, looks at the "young lady," and laughs as he bends forward a second to say something. Other ladies are close behind him, and all laugh out gaily; and their horses seem to

catch the joyousness of their riders, and bound on, and soon even the scarlet-coated grooms, who are the last of the company, are lost to sight. Who are these? The people in a wagonette on the

Cairstroke 23 Decem. 1647.

Argyle! howsoever, have to fore you & I have differd in Judgement, I being now that ^{the} present state of Affaires are such, as will make you hartely embrace my Cause, it being grounded upon those particulars that were neuer in question betwene you & me. & for those things whereon you & I yes may be of severall opinions, I have given such satisfaction to the Scots Commissioners, that with confidence I desire your concurrence in what hath beene agreed betwene them & me, knowing your zeale to your Country, & your many professions to me: as this bearer will more at large tell you to whom referring you I rest

*I desire you to believe whassoever
Traypaine will tell you in my name*

*Your most assured & constant
friend*

Charles I.

For the Marquis of Argyle!

REDUCED FACSIMILE OF A LETTER FROM CHARLES I. TO THE
MARQUIS OF ARGYLE.

road have all risen and taken off their hats, and will tell you that you have seen Her Majesty Queen Victoria, Prince Albert, Lord Melbourne, the Prime Minister, and the court party ride

past. Alas! this is already a reminiscence of fifty years ago.



MARKET STREET, WINDSOR.

TOWN HALL FROM THE
HIGH STREET.

To those who care more about pigs than poetry or history, the Home Farm will be interesting.

Splendid cattle are raised here, immense beasts that take the best prizes at agricultural shows.

To return to romance, you need not look for Herne's Oak, for it has disappeared long ago. Read Harrison Ainsworth's novel of "Windsor Castle" if you want to remember the Demon Hunter who appeared with the horns of a fallow deer on his head. Give time to see the Park well, then return to the town (p. 177), noticing on the market-place the figures of Queen Anne and Prince George of Denmark, her husband.

ETON.

After seeing a good deal of the Forest, there is plenty of time, during a summer afternoon, to visit Eton, where the beautiful grounds, the Playing Fields, and the College of Henry VI. clothe with splendid traditions the boyhood of those who are trained here, and are expected to carry forward by their own careers the name and the fame of their country. The river winds by this park, its banks shaded by the fine elm trees that are planted in stately avenues and clumps around the cricket lawns. Nothing is lacking at Eton that should make a boy manly by exercise, and gentle with those manners "that are not idle, but the fruit of loyal nature and of noble mind."

On a day when the eight-oar outrigger boats as they race, swinging up the current to Surley Hall, are watched by the humbler craft, and all the stream is

gay with glancing oars, or when a great cricket or football match is being played, Eton is seen at its best.

Until comparatively lately, the "knowledge of mankind," or rather, of boy nature, was the chief instruction a lad at Eton could hope to receive. A different view of the practical necessities and responsibilities of teaching has been taken during the last two decades. Latin verses are not now regarded as the all-in-all necessary for after life. The classical lore which used to be supposed to be the chief nurse of a vigorous mind is seen to have occupied too much of that mind's malleable moments. The education is now a very real one.

It is fortunate that the games—the rowing and the physical training generally—have been even further encouraged. Not only are cricket grounds more numerous than ever, but there are also racket courts and fives courts, the last in such numbers that it is no longer necessary, as it was in my time, to tell off the small boys to race for the possession of them for the benefit of their seniors.

Formerly the quickest runners among the youngsters who sat nearest the door were in great request—Why? Because the seniors had to march out of chapel decorously when the service was over, but it was possible for the little ones near the entrance to walk out with sufficient solemnity until the ante-chapel's stairhead was reached. Then came a rush of white-collared, bare-headed boys, their bounding

bodies clad in black round jackets, all descending in an avalanche down the stone steps, to spring off below at utmost speed to secure the eight courts which then afforded the only chance of a game of fives. As one whole "half" (as we insisted in calling one-third of each year) was emphatically "fives half," that game being the rage, it may be understood in what importance the small boys' speed was held.

This game, as played at Eton, had its origin in the fact that balls were thrown against the walls formed by the chapel and two of the great buttresses that rise high at intervals to support the "thrust" of the stone-vaulted roof originally intended for the chapel, but never executed. The end of a stairway balustrade encroaches a little on the court so formed, and to hit a ball so that it flies back against this projection is one of the master strokes in the game. You then get it "into pepperbox," out of which it is very difficult to strike it. This "pepperbox" you will see repeated from the original chapel court, in all the newly built fives courts, and the circumstance gives a curious illustration of how a game becomes fixed from some accidental cause.

But we must not speak of the chapel as a vestibule to the fives courts. Enter by the old stair, and you will see in the ante-chapel the armorial bearings of those "Eton fellows" who have fallen on the field of battle in defence of their country. The church, with



ETON FROM THE CASTLE SLOPES.

the college buildings, is said not to have been finished till 1500, although begun fully fifty years earlier. Henry's work was not admired by Edward IV., and Eton narrowly escaped the forfeiture of her endowments. The founder wished to have, in this boys' chapel, "no superfluity of curious work of entail and busy mouldings." The first plans were never carried out. The roof is of wood instead of stone. The windows, it is said, were finished with arches of a flatter kind than was first proposed, and there are other evidences that money had to be saved and the building completed at less cost than Henry had wished to incur. See Lupton's Chapel on the left, and Bacon's statue of Henry VI.

When the old whitewash was taken away, paintings were found beneath the windows in a double row. Each picture was divided by panels containing emblematic figures. These paintings were in oil, and were of the date of the end of the fifteenth century. The subjects were the legends of the miracles of the Virgin Mary, to whom the college was dedicated. Some drawings were made of these before they were removed, and from what can be known of them through these sketches they are supposed to have been executed by Florentine or Sienese artists.

Leaving the ante-chapel by the north door, we may reach the Upper School, or, by descending the great stair and entering the quadrangle by the centre entrance, it is gained by turning to the right and

ascending an old oak stair. It is the work of Sir Christopher Wren, and on brackets on its walls are the busts of eminent Etonians. Grey, Fox, Canning, Wellesley, Carlisle, and Gladstone, are there, and it should soon have Lord Rosebery, who was educated at Eton. On the oak panelling, on the desks of the masters, on the forms the boys use, are hundreds of other names. On the centre desk is that of young Francis Douglas, who was one of the first party that ascended the Matterhorn, and was killed in the descent.

The cloisters beyond the great court are well worth seeing. They surround a court, and over them are the college hall, library, and provost's and fellows' rooms. Like the large halls at Cambridge and Oxford, the hall is the dining-room for those boys who live on the foundation, and there they meet every day for dinner, the heads of the college sitting at high table on a dais. The kitchen should be seen, for it is of a curious old type, but very practical.

The library has some very valuable books. Queen Mary of England's Service Book, containing her autograph, requests the prayers of a friend to whom she had given it. It is written on vellum and finely illuminated. A heraldic History of the World, with gods and goddesses possessing coats-of-arms; a copy of the *Nibelungen Lied*, given by one King of Prussia, and a set of Frederick the Great's works, given by the Empress Augusta; and some Caxtons may be mentioned amongst the more interesting volumes.

But of the foundationers the proportion among the boys is small, for there are only about eighty of them, and the school boasts of over one thousand boys. In my time the only overcoats worn were the long black stuff gowns of the eighty. Now everyone is allowed to wear a great-coat. More liberty as well as greater comfort is allowed. "Out of bounds" was still an expression with a meaning, but the significance was limited. If you were not seen out of bounds, you might be safe from punishment. The masters took especial pains not to see you. If you insisted on being found out, then you were seriously spoken to. But it was quite sufficient for a master to see you vanish round a corner, and it would have been quite unpardonable on his part to go after you or look for you. The pretence of getting out of his way was enough. This was called "Shirking." To shirk in this way was more than winked at. To be sure, there were some parts of the town which were absolutely forbidden; but when, for instance, a couple of boys started off to go to the Long Walk during the two hours which was the longest time anyone could hope to be free of some school or tutor's call, it was necessary if you met a master to shirk him, and he looked the other way, and nothing more was said, although the fiction of "out of bounds" was kept as sacred to the memory of the past Eton of Henry VI.'s day.

Of other old customs you see nothing now. There was a ram in ancient days delivered over to the boys

to be clubbed to death, a remnant of some custom lost in the mists of antiquity. Then there was the very popular "Montem." Why this was given up remains a wonder. All the boys dressed up in fancy or carnival dresses, and proceeded to a place about two miles off, where they were met by all their friends, "half the rank and fashion of London," who were plagued by the youths for "salt," which meant money, or "a tip," the amount collected being often about £1,400, which went, after deduction of expenses, to the senior scholar. The 4th of June, King George III.'s birthday festival, has taken the place of Montem, and it is certainly a prettier festival than the other can ever have been.

Boys remain at Eton often until they are eighteen or nineteen, and there is no place in the world where a boy can be happier, or where the nonsense is knocked out of him sooner should he come provided with swagger and conceit. Latin verses used to threaten to render him a useless rhymester, but Eton has buried this habit of instruction.

It may be mentioned that a rhymester, famous as having written a very few of the good and many of the worst versions of the Psalms, lies buried in the chapel "God's Acre." Rous, of Cromwell's time, the Welshman, who wrote for Scotsmen their favourite "Rous's Version," sleeps forgotten, except in Scotland where many believe he was a Scotsman, and think him equal to Burns and Scott.

Walk back from Eton through Keate's Lane, a street called after a former head-master, whose reputation lives chiefly through the tradition that he only recognised a boy when about to flog him. Head-masters have an arduous and responsible place. Formerly they were more renowned for making themselves disagreeable than for any other eminence of character. They had too much secular business to make themselves a name in literature. Their teaching was too classical to be popular or useful. Nowadays there is a great change. The heads of the great schools are under the eye not of a founder or patron as in the Middle Ages, but of Government and Boards of "Governors." It needed not this last administrative change to make them conscientious. Since Arnold, at Rugby, and others elsewhere took to heart their responsibilities, the profession of teaching in the great schools has often sent its votaries from the school desk to the Bishop's bench. The nobility of the profession has been fully recognised by the State's reward to successful masters. The present head-master of Eton, Mr. Warre, adds to his claims on the gratitude of parents for conscientious, practical, and manly training brought home to each boy's school-life, the claim to the admiration and affection of the boys themselves by his fosterage of their sports. If it be the football season, you will see each field, between Keate's Lane and the railway viaduct on the right,



WINDSOR CASTLE FROM THE BROCAS.

or the river in front, occupied by the various "house games."

Going on to the Thames bank, note the clump of old trees near the railway bridge and the view of the Castle thence (p. 187). The Brocas Clump, as this group is called, bears the name of a Norman, *Sieur de Brocas*, and takes us back again to the feudal age, although few people think now that there is much in a name, or remember the history of the gallant French house, whose patrimonial title lingers in the meadows that know them not. They are dead. The feudal age is gone. But there, in the splendid fortress pile of Windsor, in the red-tiled houses clustering under the protection it once gave (*Frontispiece*), and in the great college we have just left, the feudal times have given our own of their best.

It is a commonplace now to scoff at things feudal. Yet that system bound the nation together with strong bonds of duty and of sympathy. Service was given under it by freemen for the protection such service bought for them. The lord was bound to defend his vassal against all enemies, just as much as the vassal knew that his tenure of good things depended on his going to war when required by his country. The nation was ranked up from peasant to king in the close array of mutual obligation and of martial sympathy. There was no need in war-time of press gang or of conscription. Each yeoman

knew he must serve, just as each knight knew that he would be dishonoured unless he came with armour and armed following at the call of his monarch. It was a military system for mutual defence. If the "smug citizen" was required at home to carry on commerce, he, too, was expected to serve in his town militia, in the "train-bands," which could, if necessary, give a fair account of themselves. "Spend me, but defend me," was the sentiment of the poorer, and the richer classes spent their goods and gear freely in defence of their country, craving no more defence than could be given by the banded force of the Kingdom. Feudality armed the nation "cap-à-pie" from head to foot. The links of defence ran through all classes and knit people together in a way hardly known now.

We would not, if we could, go back to such an order of society. But we are not better than they were, save in material comforts of numbers, of better arms, quicker travel, and knowledge of what all the world around our own island, and in far-off countries, is doing. This news is brought to us every morning at our breakfast; but are we more certain than were they of old that the rest of the day will be as surely spent in doing good duty for comrades and country?

Whatever our conceit, we shall not mourn that such splendid monuments of ancestral power and work have been left to us in Windsor and Eton. They are both proofs of the stately march and

continuity of our history. There in the old Castle yonder are still gathered each year around their Sovereign the men of age, of experience, of fame in council and in field. The ancient walls still hear these men speak of what they deem best for the welfare of Britain, just as they heard such debate nine hundred years ago. The only change is that they hear men speak of a greater Britain, of a power not confined to the island of the chalk cliffs, but reaching from the old white citadels over an empire greater than Rome's. And as at Windsor these old scenes are ever continuing the same under change of form and people, so also at Eton the young life of England watches its country's flag on the Keep above it, and learns discipline in order that, in after years, it may acquire command. Scene and training are both splendid heritages, and here both are present to make us live worthy of our Imperial citizenship.

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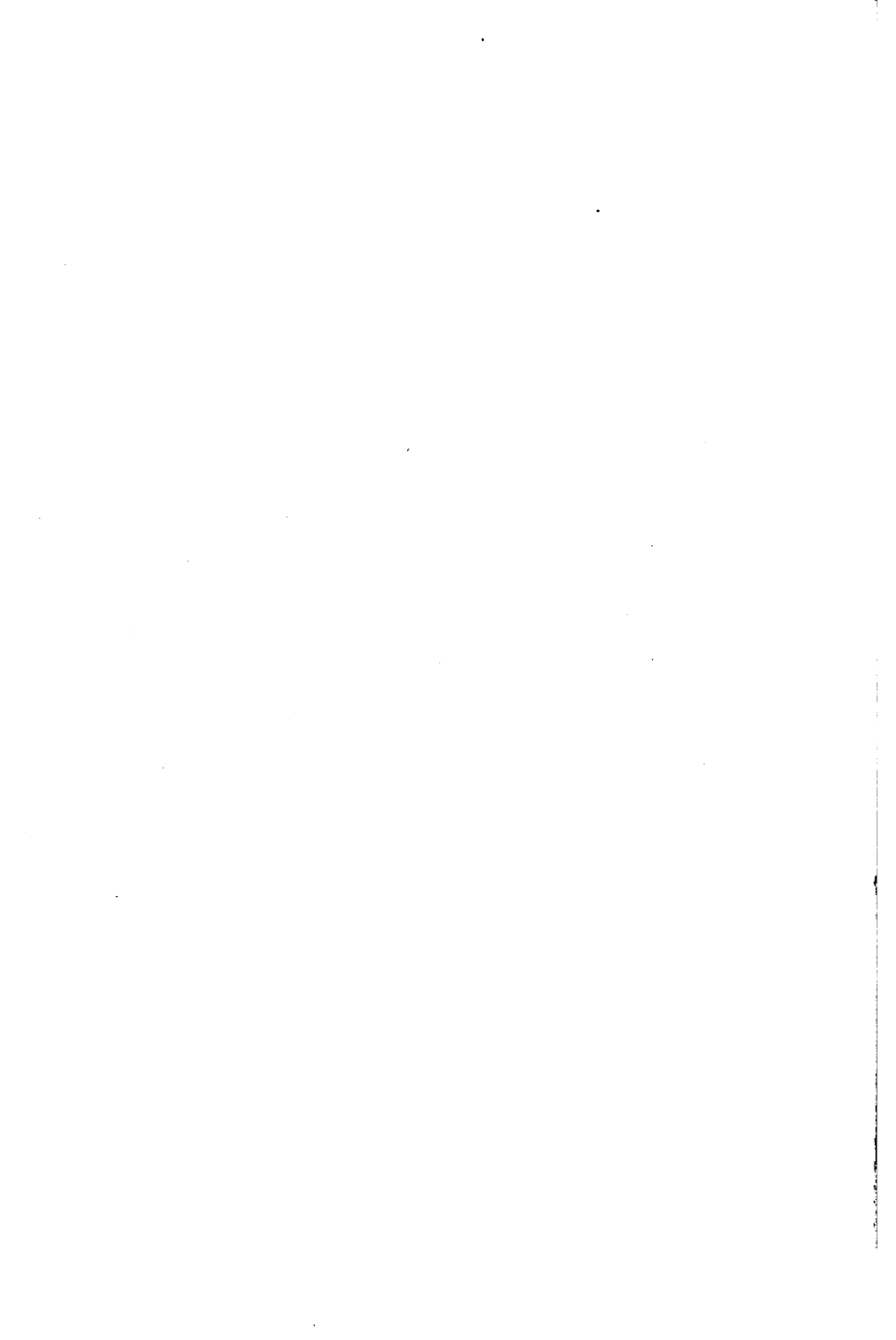
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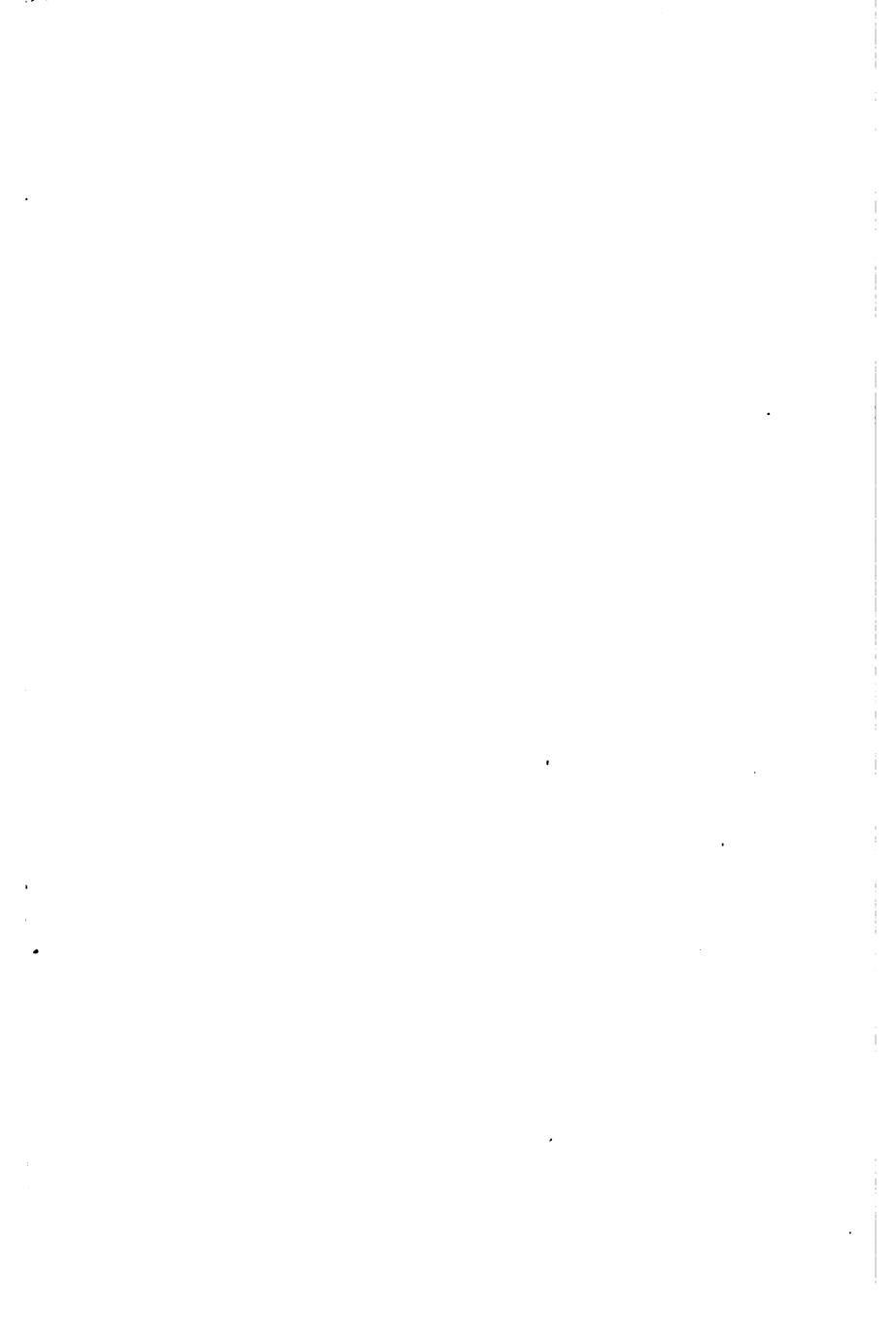
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